

SMOKE

Written by

Luke Goltz & Max Yaney

Story by

Joey Ippolito

Draft 1-20-15

Paradigm / David Boxerbaum / Valarie Phillips / Adrian Garcia
Circle of Confusion / Ashley Berns

OVER BLACK--

Dream as if you'll live forever; live as if you'll die today.

James Dean

FADE IN:

AN EMPTY HORIZON OF BLUE WATER

Wide open and limitless when--

A YELLOW POWER BOAT screams across the frame -- pushing 100 -- launching off swells -- twin engines howling--

WIDE

The YELLOW BOAT chases down the 1st place RED BOAT 50 yards ahead. Hulls rack the water like rocks skipping off concrete.

SUPER: **1976 World Championship Powerboat Race, Miami FL.**

INT. YELLOW BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

Two man crew. Open-faced helmets. Goggles.

The handlebar moustached DRIVER is JOEY CORRELLO, 28, his THROTTLEMAN is the blond haired TAJ HAMILTON, 31, Australian. Taj eyes the RED BOAT.

TAJ
We're on him, mate!

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Corrello has found some smooth water and he's making a run on Hernandez!

Joey fights the horse power into a straight line. Edges alongside the RED BOAT then moves past it by half a length.

TAJ
Turn, three hundred yards!

CUT TO:

A TEN FOOT TALL ORANGE TURN BUOY BOBS IN THE WATER

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Coming up on the final buoy. If Carrello can get a clean turn they might be able to pull this off!

YELLOW BOAT takes the inside line...

RED BOAT drifts outside...

Both boats starting their turns...

YELLOW BOAT

Joey muscled the boat through the turn -- boat fights back --
Joey sees the RED BOAT off his shoulder--

JOEY
Open it up!

TAJ
You're gonna lose it!

JOEY
Open it up!

But Taj BACKS THE THROTTLE -- looks right to see the RED BOAT
SHOOTING STRAIGHT AT THEM--

TAJ
JOEY!

SLAM TO BLACK:

TITLE:

S M O K E

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

FADE IN on...

EXT. A PRISON - MORNING

SUPER: *3 years earlier*

Brick. Concertina wire. Guard towers.

Sign reads: *Essex County Federal Penitentiary*

INT. DISCHARGE ROOM - MORNING

JOEY CORRELLO and his MAGNETIC SMILE framed by his TRADEMARK
HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE...

... but now he's a playful and confident 25, hungry for the world as he watches a GRUMPY GUARD stashed behind a METAL CAGE slide over a RELEASE FORM and pen.

Joey signs. Slides it back. Guard reaches for it, Joey pulls it back. Just fucking with him but the Guard's not smiling.

The Guard slides over a 1969 OMEGA SPEEDMASTER WATCH and a leather WALLET.

Joey snaps on his watch. Loves that watch.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Joey, jeans and t-shirt, walks out to a black Oldsmobile.

Leaning against the hood is his father DOMINIC CARRELLO, 60s, old school bookie, small sarcastic man with a thick moustache grey as this winter day. He's holding a LEATHER JACKET.

Joey, arms out, over the moon--

JOEY

POPS!

(big hug)

I could kiss you.

DOMINIC

Get off'a me, I ain't your mother.

JOEY

I'm gonna kiss you anyway.

Joey gives him a kiss. Hugs him again.

INT. OLDSMOBILE (MOVING) - DAY

Joey runs a hand down the sleeve of his LEATHER JACKET. Double checks his WATCH.

JOEY

It's amazing, the things that make you feel free.

Joey thumbs his moustache in the rearview mirror.

Dominic watches. Smiles.

DOMINIC

You'll grow into it. Here...

Hands him a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER of homemade ravioli.

Joey lights up. Pops the top and digs in.

JOEY

Two years I dreamed'a this.

DOMINIC

Slow down, Joey. You'll get indigestion eatin' like that.

JOEY

Nah, this ain't her sausage and peppers.

Dominic smiles. Likes to see his son happy.

DOMINIC

Well, there's plenty more back at the house and everybody's real excited to see ya.

JOEY

Johnny there?

DOMINIC

No. But your cousin Anthony is. Came all the way up from Florida.

JOEY

Johnny owes me, Pop. I went up two years for him.

DOMINIC

That ain't the way he sees it.

JOEY

Fuck are you talkin' about?!

DOMINIC

JOEY!

JOEY

Sorry, Pops. But it ain't no secret. Everybody knows it.

DOMINIC

An' they also know you went outside on his name.

JOEY

(sheepish)

Jus' lookin' for a little breathin' room.

DOMINIC

Smuggling two hundred K worth'a fur coats across state lines ain't a "little breathing room".

Dominic turns down another street.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

There's rules, Joey, and you know that. What else is gonna separate us from the Spics and the Niggers?

JOEY

That's the one thing I did learn in prison, ain't nothing separates us from them. What am I gonna do? I got a-- a five year old leather jacket and this watch. That's it.

DOMINIC

Ain't that all you need to feel like a free man?

Joey covers the tupperware. Lost his appetite.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

The only way you're ever gonna be happy is if you're smart enough to figure out who you're meant to be-- and live that life... not the one with your head up your ass.

Dominic parks at Evert's Field; the community park. Right in front of them is a long THREE FOOT TALL RETAINING WALL.

Joey knows why he's here and he's immediately annoyed.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I built that wall.

JOEY

I know, Pop, you told me a hundred times--

DOMINIC

-- your grandfather was a bricklayer. Taught me how to do something that was worth doing.

JOEY

(bitter)

You laid brick 'cuz Johnny didn't let you in. They passed you up--

DOMINIC

-- thirty years... that wall's still here. Still holding up that baseball field. It's held up for you and Charlie... and it'll hold up another thirty. I'm more proud of that wall than anything I did with Johnny. I don't care that I got passed up because if you know who you are, you don't gotta prove nothin', to nobody.

JOEY

All I know is who I don't want to be. An' I don't want to be the guy buildin' the wall, I wanna be the guy who owns the wall.

DOMINIC

(disappointed)

You don't always have to hit it out of the park, Joey. I thought the joint woulda taught you something...

EXT. DOMINIC'S HOUSE - DAY

The Olds chugs into the driveway of a modest brick Tudor home. Cars line the streets.

On one side of the yard are a group of older Italian men. Dark suits. Old school, proper gangsters smoking cigarettes.

On the other side of the yard are two new school gangsters smoking a joint: the wiry CHARLIE CARRELLO, 19, has his brother's doe eyes but not the swagger, and fat and tan COUSIN ANTHONY, 26, fearless and cantankerous, an opportunist with GOLD CHAINS and a button-down tropical print shirt.

Dominic and Joey unfold from the car.

DOMINIC

Just remember, as long as you're in Jersey, you're in Johnny's house.

Joey sours on those words. Flicker of rage behind his eyes. STOPS, looks between his father and Charlie and Anthony...

Dominic heads up the stairs into the house with all the old timers. Back to tow the line and follow the rules.

CHARLIE

Hey, bro!

JOEY
Get in. You too, Ant, ya fat fuck.

ANTHONY
And a hello to you fuckin' too.

Dominic turns. Puzzled.

JOEY
The joint did teach me something,
Pop... a jacket and a watch ain't
enough. Not for me.

Joey drives away to Dominic's chagrin.

EXT. IRISH PUB - DAY

The Olds cools at the curb of a shitty Irish bar.

INT. FITZY'S IRISH PUB - DAY

Charlie, Joey and Anthony sit at the bar.

The owner, pouring them all shots, with the tweed cap covering his bald head is FRANK, 43, black Irish and the constitution to prove it.

FRANK
I know you don't want my advice but
I'm goin'ta give it t'ya anyway...
"so it is, is so it goes".

JOEY
That's sound advice. Straight
outta the Book of Leinster.

FRANK
Did a bit'a readin' in the joint,
did ya?

Joey nods. Downs the shot.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What it means is, yer father,
Johnny-- they're stuck in their old
ways. There's no rollin' back the
tide, is there? So, you do what
they say. Lay Low.

JOEY
Layin' low would be fine. But even
that costs money.

ANTHONY

You should come down to Florida.

JOEY

I ain't dead yet.

ANTHONY

You think you know but you don't know shit.

JOEY

I know you look like one'a Ma's old purses. Jesus Christ, Ant, they don't sell hats down there?

He pinches Anthony's tan, leather-skinned cheeks.

ANTHONY

Florida ain't just a bunch'a old tan folks waitin' to die. I'm tellin' you, Miami's growin' in a whole new direction.

He touches his lips like he's smoking a joint.

JOEY

Yeah? You sellin' weight to the retirement homes?

Charlie snickers.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Save me a spot for when I retire but right now I'm gettin' my due. Maybe I can't roll back the tide but I can stay ahead of it.

FRANK

You got yourself a little rubber ducky, do you?

JOEY

No. You do. Still keepin' the peace with your connects?

FRANK

Yeah. Who're you thinkin'?

JOEY

Ray.

FRANK

Ray? Slippery Ray? Might as well drive over to the station myself.

JOEY

You don't need to be there, Charlie and I will take care of it. All I need from you is to get rid of it for me. Can you set it up?

FRANK

North Jersey is Johnny's honeypot. Gettin' yourself caught in that kinda sticky don't just wash off.

JOEY

Fuck Johnny. What we don't tell him, he don't know. You in or out?

The silence waits on Frank. He finishes his drink.

FRANK

Well, if you're set on diggin' yer own grave, least I can do is help you buy the shovel.

JOEY

What about you, you want in?

ANTHONY

On this political bullshit? Fuck no. This is the reason I got out'a Jerz in the first place. You'd be wise to follow.

JOEY

Fuck that. This is my home town. I spent fifteen years listenin' to Johnny, two years listenin' to the fuckin' screws becuz'a Johnny. Nah, I'm done bein' told what to do.

CHARLIE

Hey, I ain't meanin' to piss on our parade but where we gonna get the dough for the buy?

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Sign: "**Platinum Pawn and Loan**". Barred-windows. A bullet hole here and there. Been open since the dawn of time.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

OWNER, 70s, old, spine bent like a cane, looks at a watch.

OWNER

I'll give you two hundred for it.

JOEY

Two hundred!? I paid almost three grand. It's a 1969 Omega Speedmaster. First model ever worn by an American in space.

OWNER

It wasn't the first model to be worn in space. The Breitling Navitimer was. The Speedmaster...

Flips the watch over to an engraving, "*First Watch Worn on the Moon*".

OWNER (CONT'D)

... is famous because it went to the moon. I'll give you three hundred, but that's my final--

A ROBBER in a ski mask bursts through the doors. Whipping a gun around like a punk.

ROBBER

Get your fuckin' hands up! Get on the fuckin' floor!

Joey hits the deck. Pissed. Owner, been robbed a dozen times, is more annoyed than fazed.

OWNER

So which is it? Hands up or on the floor because I cannot do both.

Robber CRACKS him in the grill.

ROBBER

Where's the fuckin' safe, man?!

NEXT MOMENT

Robber places CASH in a bag.

NEXT MOMENT

Robber binds the Owner's hands. Looks around. Grabs Joey's Omega Speedmaster off the counter then exits.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joey enters the cramped, pigsty apartment.

CHARLIE

Heads up!

Charlie's tosses him the OMEGA SPEEDMASTER. Joey catches it.

JOEY

Fuck'd you hit him for? He's like ninety.

Charlie is counting a SMALL STACK OF CASH.

CHARLIE

I don't know, juices were flowin'. You don't like how I work, next time you be the felon... oh right, you already are.

JOEY

I'm jus' sayin', necessary violence is one thing, elderly abuse is somethin' else entirely.

CHARLIE

Joint made you a pussy, man.

Joey sits down. Holds up a stack of cash.

JOEY

No, Charlie, it made me hungry. All that time countin' the fuckin' days I ain't ever gettin' back made one thing clear... life's too short to ride in the backseat. How much?

CHARLIE

Forty-eight hundred from that miser Jew.

EXT. TIRE SHOP - NEWARK, NJ - DAY

Sign: "**Ferry Street Tire**". Walking under it are Joey and Charlie. Joey carries a small leather bag.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

SLIPPERY RAY, 28, black, shoulders as broad as his gap-toothed grin, counts the cash from behind his desk.

SLIPPERY RAY

Almost five grand. Lotta dough for a cat just outta the joint.

JOEY

You got the stuff or what? I ain't got time for this.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

You sure you don't want to stick around? Maybe get your tires rotated?

Everyone turns to see JOHNNY strolling around the corner with THREE GOONS. Slippery Ray hands the cash over to Johnny.

Charlie's head drops. Joey deflates.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I was gonna bring you back in the fold, eventually, but you just couldn't wait, could you?

JOEY

Man's gotta eat.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

(fierce)

From his own fuckin' table.

Dangerous beat.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Apple falls pretty far from the tree in your family. Your father, he's a smart man-- you, not so much. He showed me how to break into the lockers at Saint Peters, you know that? We used to steal cigarettes right from the Minister's desk--

JOEY

-- smoke 'em in the back behind the dumpster, yeah I know, Pops told me--

JOHNNY

--and it's cuz'a your Pops, I'm tellin' you again. I love your father, always have--

JOEY

-- that why you let him run your errands all those years instead'a sittin' next to you--

Before he can finish Johnny's GOON hammers Joey in the gut.

Another punch puts him on the ground and two bootheels keep him there.

JOHNNY

Fuckin' mouth on this one.

(fierce, to Joey)

I ever see you on these streets again, you ain't gonna be goin' to jail. You got that?

(holds up a stack)

Or maybe I gotta tattoo it on your fuckin' hand, so the next time you think about stickin' it in my pocket, you got a reminder of who you're stealin' from. You're in my fuckin' town, Joey. Don't ever forget that.

Johnny spits on the ground next to Joey. Heads out.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You're a good kid, Charlie. Loyal. Don't waste it bein' a dog for your brother. He'll just have you sniffin' shit.

Charlie just stares at Joey, bleeding on the dirty concrete.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Charlie sit in a dingy apartment eating Chinese. Knicks' game on a small BLACK AND WHITE TV with rabbit ears.

They lounge in ratty BEAN BAG chairs with strips of duct tape concealing the rips. Styrofoam beads litter the ground.

Charlie's into the game. Joey's still licking his wounds.

JOEY

One step outta the joint, an' here I am, stuck, right in the mud.

CHARLIE

Who's gonna get in on Frazier?

(Frazier tips the ball)

See what I mean--

JOEY

Who gives a fuck about basketball?!

Joey gets up. Rips a PIECE OF DUCT TAPE from Charlie's bag-- BEADS pour out.

CHARLIE

What the fuck?! This is the good chair!

Charlie desperately tries to tape it back up.

KITCHEN

Joey walks through hanging doorway beads to dump his food in the trash but it's overflowing. Has to stomp it down with his foot. Comes out with noodles stuck to his shoe.

Goes for a napkin but the counter is a roach motel. Dishes fester in the sink. Looks around, depressed.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, grab me a cold one, huh?

LIVING ROOM

Joey hands Charlie a beer. Sinks into the shitty bean bag.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We just need to give 'em some time to cool off. He'll let us back in.

JOEY

Like he let Pop in? Fuck Johnny. I don't want in, Charlie, I want out. Build my own fuckin' thing.

CHARLIE

Whatever.

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)

One hundred percent Florida orange juice. Wake up to the taste of sunshine, every morning.

A beautiful woman drinks a glass of OJ as she basks in the summer sun.

CHARLIE

Fuckin' Anthony, bet he's got it made down there. Think they all look like that?

Joey watches the commercial and he knows what he has to do...

JOEY'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Yeah, Charlie. Just like it.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

There's Joey, pissed, looking like Jersey with the long pants and light jacket, stares at a sea of eighty year old, OVERLY-TANNED women baking in the sun on a hotel patio.

JOEY

I gotta be outta my fuckin' mind.

He's in the retiree part of town. Hotels and condos. Pulls a note from his pocket: **Ant- 2334 Palm Avenue**

Looks to an old lady holding a FACE FOIL under her neck.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, which way's Palm Ave?

OLD LADY

(points down the street)

About ten blocks, sweetie.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Pick up Joey hoofing it, jacket over his shoulder now. Pit stains. Been walking for blocks.

NEXT MOMENT

He's talking to a shop owner. Man points down to the beach, about a block away. Giving him more directions.

NEXT MOMENT

Joey walks towards a sign: **Welcome to South Beach**. Hangs a right and STOPS IN HIS TRACKS...

THIS IS MIAMI.

Every building bursts with color. Pinks. Fuchsia. Turquoise. The brighter the better. Restaurants packed with people who sweat money. Rolex watches. Gucci bags.

Europeans. Cubanos. Feathered hair and manly moustaches.

Joey is overwhelmed. Can't contain his smile.

James Brown's, "Hot Pants" kicks in...

A GULLWING MERCEDES pulls to a stop sign. Driver sweet talks a random girl into his car. They take off.

Everything feels fresh and free.

BEACH BOARDWALK - NEXT MOMENT

Pig tails and Hang Ten, low-hip bikinis. Handlebar moustaches. Mid-thigh Op shorts. It's 1973 in full effect.

TWO GORGEOUS BLONDES in string bikinis roller skate past him. Tan, toned asses.

Joey stands on the boardwalk soaking in South Beach...

EXT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Another surprise. Joey stares wide-eyed at a BIG HOUSE. Double checks the address on the mailbox: **2334 Palm ave.** Looks like he's snooping.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
Fuck you doin', shitbird?

Joey turns to see a bare-chested Anthony, gun in hand.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Joey! Holy Shit! Wait a minute--
what happened? Who died?

JOEY
You're gonna if you don't invite me
in.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joey follows Anthony into a light and breezy house. Open space design. The opposite of Charlie's dungeon.

Anthony sets his gun on top of his BIG CONSOLE COLOR TV.

ON TV: a press conference in front of the Cuban Refugee Center: **Police Capt. Peterson.**

CAPTAIN PETERSON (V.O.)
*... it's a ridiculous statement...
if there's more people, there's
more crime. Cubans have been
coming here for fifteen years and
have helped build Miami into the
beautifully diverse city it is...*

ANTHONY
Wool pants? Who the fuck comes to
Miami wearin' wool pants? You
makin' me sweat jus' lookin' at ya.
Strawberry Daiquiri?

JOEY

Daiquiri? You gonna try to grab my
cock?

Joey notes a LARGE WAD OF CASH on the counter top next to a
big GOLD WATCH. It dwarfs Joey's Speedmaster.

ANTHONY

Maybe I should, see if Johnny left
you your balls.

Suddenly, a FINE YOUNG THING struts out of a bedroom. Topless
with bright pink bikini bottoms. Kisses Anthony.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Say "hi" to Cousin Joey.

FINE YOUNG THING

Hi, cousin Joey.

She walks away. He slaps her ass.

Joey watches her go with more than a little envy. Anthony
hands him a Daiquiri.

ANTHONY

This is the best cocktail you'll
ever taste. I add fresh squeezed
oranges, got my own tree out back.

Anthony goes back to the kitchen. PACKS A COOLER WITH BEERS.

Joey takes in the luxury refrigerator, oven, appliances.
Everything looks like money.

JOEY

You stealin' wheelchairs or what?

ANTHONY

It's about that easy. So, you down
for vacation?

JOEY

Nah. I'm lookin' for a job.

ANTHONY

A job? You had that deal all set
up with the Mick. What, Jersey
ain't treatin' you right?

JOEY

I ain't got a seat at that table no
more. Want my own table in my own
house.

Anthony stops packing beers. Understands.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I thought, maybe... everyone needs
people they can trust, Ant. I'll
do anything you want...

(points to drink)

But I ain't makin' you a fuckin'
Daiquiri.

ANTHONY

(laughs)

All right. You want a job? You
gotta do one thing...

NEXT MOMENT

JOEY. Bright RED shorts. Lime green button-down and his
bright white legs. Anthony likes it.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Now you're lookin' Miami. Grab
that cooler, let's go to work.

JOEY

With a case a beers?

ANTHONY

You ain't seen nothin' yet.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DOCKS - DAY

Yachts. Multi-million dollar floating castles.

Joey is tripping over his flip-flops as he follows Anthony
down the docks. Head on a swivel taking in another MORE
LUXURIOUS side of Miami.

Anthony turns back to Joey, sees him dawdling.

ANTHONY

Come on, Dorothy.

A SLIP - NEXT MOMENT

Find TAJ, the throttleman from the opening scene, 28, blond
shag, fondling a HOT CHICK on the bow of a GREEN POWER BOAT.

Joey stops. Can't get over the spectacle of the boat.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Hey, Hippie. Wanna give us a hand?

Taj sees Joey in his silly outfit.

TAJ
Who's the Blue Meanie, mate?

ANTHONY
He ain't a cop. He's my cousin.

TAJ
Looks like a cop.

ANTHONY
He's from Jersey.

TAJ
Oh. Right.

Taj takes the cooler. Sets it in the boat.

TAJ (CONT'D)
(turns to girl)
Off you go, now. See you at the club, lass.

Big kiss. He helps her off the boat.

Joey watches her go. The girls getting better and better looking.

JOEY
I'm gonna have to get me one'a those.

TAJ
No, mate. You want one'a those, first you need to win some of these...

Points to CHAMPIONSHIP STICKERS on the HULL of his boat. Fires the engine. Puts on his shades.

TAJ (CONT'D)
An' a little tan wouldn't hurt.

I/E. GREEN POWER BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

Boat RIPS down the coast.

Joey stands tall in the cockpit. Hair on fire. Loving the speed, the howl of the engine.

JOEY
How fast do these go?

Taj grins. SLAMS the throttle.

WIDE

They head away from the city skyline where roads give way to labyrinthine mangrove swamps...

NEXT MOMENT

Joey looks to the empty horizon. They're cruising slow now.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You know what this reminds me of?

He looks to a white-knuckled Anthony, sporting a LIFE VEST.

ANTHONY

Don't tell me the Catskills.
That's why I hate fuckin' boats.

JOEY

What were we-- like ten?

ANTHONY

Fuckin' Charlie: "I can sail."
Sailed us right to the bottom of
the fuckin' lake. I don't even
take baths no more.

JOEY

(eyes the horizon)

I loved that lake. You could
barely see the pine trees on the
other side. Wide open, man.

He remembers that feeling of freedom.

ANTHONY

Fuck that lake. Hey, today you're
just a spectator, we clear?

JOEY

Whatever you say. Is he on board
with me bein' on board?

ANTHONY

Taj? Yeah, he's good people. This
is more of a leisure thing for him.

JOEY

Leisure? What's he do for money?

ANTHONY

You're standin' on it.

Joey looks back to those CHAMPIONSHIP STICKERS.

JOEY

So where're we having our leisure?

Anthony points towards the horizon. Displeased.

ANTHONY

On another fuckin' boat.

Joey looks out to the mirrored waters and sees a BIG YACHT.

I/E. LUXURY YACHT - CABIN - DAY

Taj hands the COOLER up to Joey then stays on the boat.

Joey follows Anthony onto this ridiculously pimped-out yacht. Shag carpet on the walls. A built-in jacuzzi on the BOW and right now it holds three of the finest, topless Latinas.

Anthony sees Joey checking out the girls.

ANTHONY

With this guy, you can look but
don't touch.

They head around the cabin when PABLO, a CUBAN THUG steps out of a doorway in front of Joey. Takes the cooler.

Joey follows Anthony to the rear deck where they see the back of a little Cuban man sporting a black speedo.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Cuban Mike.

That's CUBAN MIKE, 37, and he can pull that speedo off because he's the marijuana crime lord of Miami. Ruthless and egomaniacal. He turns, bold moustache and gold chains.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Fuck we gotta meet out here for?

CUBAN MIKE

Because I am a fisherman.

His hands are covered in fish guts and scales.

He wields a knife like he was born with it. Slicing and gutting in quick, efficient strokes. Tosses fish guts over the side.

Joey looks overboard to a wide stain of blood in the water. A SHARK FIN knifes through the water and disappears.

Pablo walks by. Picks up a LARGE MACHETE. Sharpens it.

Cuban Mike spears a fishhead with his gutting knife.

CUBAN MIKE (CONT'D)

In Cuba, everyone is fisherman.
We had to protect our boats, our
secret spots, si? So, mi padre, he
would send me out at night to cut
holes in the other fisher's nets.
We do what we must to survive. But
I did not want to just survive, I
wanted to succeed. And here I am,
on my yacht, with las mujeres
hermosas and my business partners,
very successful but still I know I
am a fisherman. I still have to
protect my secret spots.

He nods to PABLO who goes into the cabin then comes out with
a BOUND MAN. Black eyes, bloody lips. Scared shitless.

CUBAN MIKE (CONT'D)

You are knowing this piece of cago?

Anthony takes a good look.

ANTHONY

Nah. You all look alike to me.

CUBAN MIKE

Hey! Cubans look like Cubans no
one fucking else, si?!

ANTHONY

Whatever. I don't know him.

CUBAN MIKE

I catch him stealing from our nets.

Cuban Mike turns to BOUND MAN-- Grim Reaper stare.

CUBAN MIKE (CONT'D)

Who do you work for?

Bound Man shakes his head.

CUBAN MIKE (CONT'D)

You no tell me? I will let you
think about your decision.

(to Anthony)

Let us do our business, si?

Cuban Mike heads into the cabin with Anthony.

Joey stays on deck. Looks from the bloody water to the BOUND MAN cowered in the corner. Feels for him.

Pablo just keeps sharpening that machete.

Joey turns away. Catches Anthony through the CABIN WINDOW pulling out STACKS OF PLASTIC WRAPPED CASH from the bottom of the cooler under the beer.

NEXT MOMENT

Anthony and Cuban Mike walk out. Anthony nods to Joey--

ANTHONY

Let's get off'a this fuckin' boat.

CUBAN MIKE (O.S.)

You don't want to fish?

They turn to see Cuban Mike standing next to the BOUND MAN.

ANTHONY

I wouldn't call that bait.

CUBAN MIKE

No? Depends on what you are fishing for.

He grabs a six inch IRON SHARK HOOK -- STABS it through the man's CHEEK -- man screams -- Pablo pins man across the cutting table -- Cuban Mike snatches the machete -- LOPS OFF THE MAN'S ARM -- blood rivers into the water.

CUBAN MIKE (CONT'D)

(to man)

I am a reasonable man until you are fucking me, si?! Now I fuck you!

Pablo tosses the man overboard -- huge splash in bloody water -- SHARK FINS circle -- then close -- a feeding frenzy -- the man screams as he's eaten alive--

Cuban Mike tugs playfully on the fishing line tied to the man's hooked face...

Anthony shakes his head. Walks by a terrified Joey.

ANTHONY

Welcome to Miami.

I/E. GREEN POWER BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

Anthony and Joey are in the cockpit with Taj.

TAJ

The Cubans are crazy banana's,
that's for sure, but the Colombians
are the ones who scare me.

JOEY

Yeah? Why's that?

TAJ

A Cuban'll cut your arm off, a
Colombian'll cut your arm off an'
then beat ya to death with it.

JOEY

Sounds like a real paradise down
here. So now what? Where do you
get the weed?

TAJ

No worries. First things first.

ANTHONY

(big grin)

We make money, we spend money.

1972 Billboard Hit - Sammy Davis Jr: "*Candy Man*" pipes in...

The power boat speeds towards the skyline of Miami. Small but
we notice half a dozen INDUSTRIAL CRANES putting up the iron
works for new skyscrapers.

Miami is growing.

EXT. RESORT CLUB - NIGHT

Big, beach-style PRIVATE RESORT on the water.

Anthony, Taj and Joey pull up in his canary yellow
convertible Caddy. Anthony hands the keys to the VALET.

Joey checks his powder blue, polyester button-down in the
reflection of the front doors.

JOEY

You sure this shirt looks all
right? Feel like a stick'a fuckin'
cotton candy in this thing.

ANTHONY

You'll thank me when you're neck
deep in clam.

DOORMEN open the door and music pours out.

Hollies: *"Long Cool Woman (In A Black Dress)"*...

INT. RESORT CLUB - NIGHT

Six piece band covers the tune.

Gorgeous women dance with smooth men in butterfly collars and gold chains. The who's who of Miami socialites, sports figures and politicians press flesh and party.

Joey takes it all in while maintaining his cool. Catches eyes with various girls including a BLONDE at the bar. Follows Anthony and Taj over to the VIP SECTION.

Next to them are a GROUP of men with hot chicks arguing about boats. They all nod to Taj.

A GUY

You get your tuna can running?

TAJ

Don't need it to beat you. A dinghy with two oars'll do the job.

Laughter.

JOEY

They in the business?

TAJ

Nah, they're boat racers like me. We're superstars down here, mate.

JOEY

What about the Miami Dolphins?

ANTHONY

See those girls hangin' on their dicks? They're the Dolphins' cheerleaders. You want pussy, you race boats.

JOEY

Football, racing, it all boils down to one thing: money.

ANTHONY

Money, money, money. You sound like a fuckin' ginzo playin' Bocce ball. Still thinkin' like Jersey.

JOEY
 Can't run from who you are.
 Where's the pissar?

Anthony points him the way.

ANTHONY
 No, but you can adapt, Joey. Adapt!

Joey throws a hand up over his shoulder.

HALLWAY

Joey walks towards the bathrooms.

A gaggle of girls fumble out the bathroom door. One girl's BOOB hangs out of her dress. They're stoned and carefree.

JOEY
 You got a headlight out, darlin'.

The girl looks down, laughs. PLANTS a big kiss on Joey.

GIRL
 You're a life saver.

She cuts him loose. Covers up.

JOEY
 (aside)
 Adapt.

Joey BACK-PEDDLES into the...

BATHROOM

... heads for a closed stall door. Jiggles it. Locked.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 It's occupied. That's what the
 lock's for, honey.

Female voice throws him. He sees LIPSTICK on the counter--

JOEY
 Fuck me.

He's in the WOMEN'S BATHROOM.

Turns to leave when the stall door opens...

Out walks the BLONDE from the bar, BONNIE KUSH, 20s,
 devastatingly sexy, her legs rise men from their graves,
 confident like a predator but something fragile beneath.

They recognize each other.

Joey is a deer in headlights and that gives her an edge.

She takes out her lipstick. Leans into the mirror, touches up her sultry lips as she glances at Joey.

BONNIE

There's forward and then there's
this.

JOEY

Who says I came in here lookin' for
you?

He smiles. Half embarrassed, half cool.

BONNIE

I like your smile. It's...
genuine. Not much of that around
here. But then again you're not
from here, are you?

JOEY

I am now.

She puckers her lips in the mirror. Heads out.

BONNIE

Not with those threads.

Door shuts on him and his smile. Checks himself in mirror.

JOEY

Shit.

VIP TABLE

Joey scans the crowd. Sees BONNIE at the bar with a guy,
EDDIE KUSH, 53, Greaser, stuck in his James Dean generation.
Sports dark sunglasses AT ALL TIMES.

She gives Joey a few ambiguous glances.

Anthony sees the exchange, laughs.

ANTHONY

She don't date guys like you.

JOEY

Like me?

ANTHONY

Like us.

JOEY
Why? Cuz we wear shirts like this?

ANTHONY
Fuck you.

Just then he sees CUBAN MIKE enter the CLUB, approach the bartender. Buys a drink. Glances at Anthony then splits.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Be right back.

He heads to the bar.

Joey can't take his eyes off of Bonnie.

JOEY
Who is that?

Taj thinks he's looking at Eddie.

TAJ
Let me put it to you this way,
mate. South Florida revolves
around boats. And boats, well they
revolve around Eddie Kush.

AT THE BAR

Anthony walks up to the SAME bartender Cuban Mike talked to.

ANTHONY
Cuba libre.

Bartender makes his drink but instead of putting it on a napkin, he puts it on a VALET TICKET.

Anthony picks up both.

VIP TABLE

Anthony sets the drink down. Doesn't even touch it.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Let's go for a ride.

Joey follows them out but keeps glancing back at Bonnie.

EXT. RESORT CLUB - VALET STATION - NIGHT

Anthony hands the VALET the NEW VALET TICKET. He runs off.

JOEY
I was enjoyin' the scenery.

ANTHONY
You're gonna enjoy this more.

Just then a RED LINCOLN CONTINENTAL arrives. Valet hops out.
Hands Anthony the keys. He and Taj hop in.

JOEY
That ain't your car--

ANTHONY
Get in.

Off the SLAMMING DOOR...

INT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TRUNK pops open REVEALING TWO LARGE BALES OF WEED.

ANTHONY
Continental's got a larger trunk
than the El Dorado. I like to put
it to good use.

Taj grabs a bale. Joey grabs the other. They plop them down
on the service counter.

Joey looks around the boat mechanic's warehouse. Stares at a
RACE BOAT up on the rack like a trophy.

A man in COVERALLS walks in with a DUFFLE BAG.

COVERALLS
How's the pussy treating you,
Tajie?

TAJ
Not as good as you.

Coveralls hands Anthony the DUFFLE BAG.

Joey gazes at the race boat. Drawn to it.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CASH piled on the table. Anthony hands Joey a two inch stack.

JOEY
For carrying a cooler?

ANTHONY

You're part of my crew now and
you're family, Joey. Comes down to
it, that's all we got.

JOEY

(overwhelmed)

Ant, I--

ANTHONY

Couch is all yours.

JOEY

You got two empty bedrooms.

ANTHONY

Don't push it.

Anthony walks into his bedroom.

Joey revels in his payday. Looks at the table where Anthony
left the rest of the cash just sitting out-- *holy shit*.

Walks out to the balcony. Feels the warm air on his face.
Gazes out to the moonlight, the WIDE OPEN horizon and that's
exactly how he feels.

Off the sound of rolling waves tumbling onto shore...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIER - DAY

A banner hangs across the pier: **South Beach Invitational**

Mass of people on the pier for a POWER BOAT RACE.

AT THE RAILING

Joey and Anthony look down to the DOCKS where MASSIVE
MECHANICAL CRANES lower sleek power boats into the water.

Pit crews attend to last minute engine adjustments. Team
trucks and trailers line the streets. Big money sport.

Joey, mesmerized, watches racers pull on helmets.

He looks up to island hopper helicopters hovering above.

CUT TO:

HELI POV

Down to ten brightly painted POWER BOATS...

... the crowd buzzing on the pier, waterfront and docks...

CUT TO:

STARTING GUN-- BANG!

Liquid rooster-tails erupt from DEAFENING 300 hsp engines as the boats smoke towards the open ocean.

INT. BAR AND RESTAURANT - DAY

Menu on the bar reads: "*The Lefty Crab*"

Plate of CHILLED STONE CRAB CLAWS slides in front of Anthony. Joey watches the race on the TV over the bar.

JOEY

I didn't know boats went that fast.

ANTHONY

Those are the small ones. Class B or some shit. Taj runs the big boys.

JOEY

How many laps they do?

ANTHONY

This ain't the Daytona 500. They hit the open water and we don't see 'em again 'til they finish. Know why they call this place the Lefty Crab?

(Joey shrugs)

Cause they're all a lefty.

(laughs)

What happens is, to keep the species goin' they only take one claw an' toss the rest back.

He starts cracking shells. Juice is flying.

JOEY

Might as well take 'em both. He's dead anyway.

ANTHONY

How you figure?

JOEY

Who you gonna pick a fight with, guy with one arm or two?

ANTHONY

You gotta point there. All I know
is they're fuckin' good.

JOEY

I tell you what I know, *Miami's* a
fuckin' one-armed crab. After
seein' your set up, she's wide open
for the takin'.

ANTHONY

You ain't tellin' me.

JOEY

No, but I am, Ant. Unless I just
caught you on a good week, I don't
know what's stoppin' you from
ownin' this city. You gotta go
bigger while you can.

ANTHONY

Bigger?

JOEY

Yeah, bigger.

ANTHONY

Look at you, wad'a dough in your
pocket bigger than your dick an'
you're already throwin' your balls
on the table.

He glances out the window to see Taj's Class C power boats
idle to the line. They're five feet longer. Engines are
bigger. Flat out scary.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

There's the Koala. Green one.

JOEY

What I'm tellin ya' is, I don't
think it's always goin' be like
this, not this easy. We got an
opportunity starin' us right in the
face, sayin'-

ANTHONY

-- sayin' you're fuckin' crazy,
that's what it's sayin'. You've
been here less than a week an'
you're lookin' to run for mayor.
No thanks. I got plenty. Plenty'a
cash, plenty'a women...

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 (holds up crab)
 ... plenty'a food, plenty.

JOEY
 Right now, sure but you gotta be
 lookin' at what's around the
 corner, Ant. I'm talkin' about
 bein' set for life.

ANTHONY
 Listen, Cuz. You just got on this
 boat an' we're in calm water-- so
 do me a favor an' don't start
 makin' waves just 'cause you feel
 like rockin' a good thing.

JOEY
 I thought you didn't like boats.

ANTHONY
 You know what the fuck I mean!

The STARTING GUN fires then--

KABOOM!

Everyone in the bar is on their feet, rubbernecking to the
 water and seeing--

TAJ'S POWER BOAT chugging smoke.

Flames shoot out the ENGINE HOUSE -- Taj and his CREW MATE
 are using fire extinguishers blowing snow.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
 See, that's why I don't like boats.
 You either wind up drownin' or
 blowin' up... or blowin' up and
 then drownin'. Either way you're
 fucked.

EXT. BOAT SLIP - DAY

Taj and another man are head down in the engine house when
 Joey and Anthony push through the crowd.

The other man stands up-- EDDIE KUSH. Tosses Taj a chunk of
 clear tubing that's twisted and burnt.

EDDIE
 That's your problem. You change
 this out yourself? I don't use
 shit like that.

TAJ

Crikey.

EDDIE

At some point, that fuel line got kinked...

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Must've worked itself straight but not before she rubbed a little "fuck you" right in the middle there.

Joey leans into Anthony.

JOEY

He knows all that just from lookin' at a hose?

ANTHONY

Guy knows boats like you know how to fuck up a good thing.

JOEY

You're just scared'a--

BONNIE (O.C.)

Everyone all right?

Joey glances at her--

JOEY

Yeah, they--

Then he recognizes her. They share a smile. BONNIE looks sexy in her bikini top and sarong.

BONNIE

Looked like the fourth of July.

JOEY

Yeah, thankfully your husband already found the cause.

BONNIE

My husband?

JOEY

Yeah, he said it was a... a "fuck you" in the fuel line.

BONNIE

Fuck me?

Joey actually blushes.

JOEY
That didn't come out right.

BONNIE
Well maybe I should let my Uncle
know. Since he's the one who built
the boat.

Eddie WIPES his greasy hands on Taj's jumpsuit.

EDDIE
You're looking at a new block,
gaskets, intake...

TAJ
Lost me fucking Sheila.

EDDIE
I like drivers like you, Taj, you
keep me in business.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

Anthony looks down at his belt-- 1973 STATE OF THE ART PAGER.
Size of a remote control.

JOEY
Fuck is that?

ANTHONY
Called a "pager". What-- you never
seen one'a these? It's off the
hook. Someone calls me and this
thing beeps and buzzes, tells me
who it is.

JOEY
Buzzes? That why you got it in
your front pocket?

ANTHONY
You know it. Hey, Taj...
(holds up pager)
... we'll catch ya at the club.

Taj nods. Anthony and Joey walk off.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah, she ain't married.

JOEY
I kinda put that together.

ANTHONY

Which means she don't got a husband.

JOEY

You're just a barrel of laughs today, aren't ya?

Joey ticks a glance back to Bonnie...

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - CLOSET - DAY

Anthony is HOLDING up a mint green shirt.

ANTHONY

What's wrong with it?

JOEY

I ain't a fag Leprechaun, that's what's wrong with it.

In the bg, MARVIN GAYE'S, "*Right On*".

Anthony tosses the shirt on the bed. Holds up a RED one. Joey shakes his head.

ANTHONY

Then pick your own. But don't touch anything from here to here.

Anthony leaves him with two shirts to choose from: a Sherbert and a leopard print. Joey gives Anthony a sideways glance.

JOEY

No problem. So, hey, I was thinkin', you ever thought about distributin' up north?

ANTHONY

Jesus, you know, every time you open your mouth, you remind me why I ain't married.

JOEY

I'm just sayin', we could double--

Anthony storms to the end of his closet, ranting--

ANTHONY

You haven't stopped "saying" since you got here.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I don't give a shit about what's
goin' on up north, east, south,
west, Canada, fuckin' Kalamazoo--
all I care about is down here!

He parts his winter coats and there's a 2X4 leaning against
the wall. Kicks the board out--

A FAKE PANEL topples to the floor REVEALING a WALL OF CASH
wedged between the studs.

JOEY

That's a hell of a security system.

ANTHONY

Fuck you!

Anthony loads stacks of cash into a duffle bag.

EXT. RESORT CLUB - SUNSET

Anthony and Joey wheel up to the valet. Anthony hands over
keys. Nods to VALET.

INT. RESORT CLUB - NIGHT

Joey, Anthony and Taj observe the skin parade from their
table. Joey looks for Bonnie but she's not here.

ANTHONY

Poor Cinderella.

TAJ

Guess it wasn't the shirt she
didn't like, mate.

Joey flips them off. Heads out to the patio.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

He sets his DRINK on the bannister. Majestic sailboats and
catamarans dot the bay. A postcard view. He takes it in.

BONNIE (O.S.)

I was waiting for you in the ladies
room...

Bonnie leans into the bannister next to him.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

... but you never showed.

Joey turns to her. Smile to smile.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
There's that smile.

JOEY
I never make the same mistake
twice.

BONNIE
So I was a mistake?

JOEY
No. My mistake was not properly
introducing myself...
(proffers his hand)
Joey Corrello.

BONNIE
Bonnie Kush.

He kisses her hand.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
And here I thought chivalry was
dead.

JOEY
Not where I come from.

BONNIE
Certainly don't come from here.
And it's not just your accent.

JOEY
Well it ain't my clothes.

Smooths his butterfly collar.

BONNIE
It's how you look me in the eyes
instead of my tits when you talk to
me.

JOEY
Wow.

BONNIE
Am I scaring you?

JOEY
Absolutely.

She opens her purse. Pulls out a JOINT and lights it.

BONNIE
Good. Smoke?

Offers him a hit. He takes it. Bonnie sees his SILVER WATCH.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
A silver watch? You're a maverick.
Everyone down here is gold, gold,
gold. It's like they ran out of
room at Fort Knox.

JOEY
You wanna know the story behind
this watch?

Unclasps it. Hands it over.

BONNIE
You didn't steal this, did you?

JOEY
What kind of man do you think I am?

BONNIE
I don't know yet.

JOEY
You're holdin' the first watch to
land on the moon.
(off her look)
Really. Flip it over.

Bonnie flips the watch over. Reads engraving.

Joey gazes at her glowing skin. Soft eyes. He's in over his
head already and he loves it.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Had to go all the way to the moon
just to find its way back to you.

Bonnie smiles, taken with his charm.

BONNIE
Wow.

JOEY
Am I scaring you?

BONNIE
(lying through her teeth)
Not at all.

They gaze at each other. Bonnie's waiting for the kiss. Joey leans in...

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Hey--

Bonnie breaks off first.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Sorry. We got somewhere to be.

JOEY

(staring at Bonnie)

I'm exactly where I need to be.

Anthony holds up a VALET TICKET.

Joey looks at that ticket. Knows what it means. Looks back to Bonnie. Picks up his drink. Steps away.

She gauges that. Hands him his watch.

BONNIE

So you're with him?

JOEY

It's not what you think. He's my cousin-

BONNIE

-- I know who he is. And it's exactly what I think.

Bonnie walks back into the club.

Joey glares at Anthony.

JOEY

You couldn't give me five minutes?

EXT. RESORT CLUB - VALET STATION - NIGHT

Joey keeps looking back towards the club.

ANTHONY

Guess it was the shirt after all.

The VALET returns with Anthony's car. Holds out his keys. Anthony doesn't move. Face pinches with confusion.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

This is my car. Why the fuck you givin' me my car?

Valet glances over his shoulder.

VALET
So you can drive it home, sir.

ANTHONY
I don't want to drive my car home.
Are you fuckin' wit' me, kid?

Steps forward. Joey grabs his arm.

VALET
You should watch your speed leaving
the Club, Mister Anthony.

Valet holds the door open.

ANTHONY
Fuck are you-- Driver's Ed?

Joey figures it out. Scans the street and spots a DARK SEDAN parked across the street.

JOEY
Just get in the car, Ant.

ANTHONY
What?

JOEY
Get in the fuckin' car.

He nods towards the street. Anthony ticks a glance. Spots a sedan with TWO FEDERAL AGENTS eyeballing the club.

Joey slips the valet a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Keep up the good work.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT (SAME)

Miami DET. CARL MEYER, 30s, a modern day Wyatt Earp, diligent and dedicated, a patriot, studies Anthony and Joey.

His partner, DET. REYES, 30s, eager young gun looking to prove himself, photographs Anthony, Joey and Taj as they wait for their car.

DET. REYES
Seen them before?

DET. MEYER
No. We just want the Cubans.

Another car pulls up.

DET. REYES
They could be dirty.

DET. MEYER
I know you're new but didn't they
tell you anything before they sent
you to me?

DET. REYES
Told me to be quiet.

DET. MEYER
Apparently you didn't listen.
(beat)
Where's the dope come from?

DET. REYES
Cuba.

DET. MEYER
And what kinds of names are these?

Holds up a NOTEBOOK with six Cuban names, arrival times...

DET. REYES
Cuban.

DET. MEYER
I've been on this place for three
months. These are the players. We
put names to faces, expose the
network then shut down the drops...

Meyers sees a couple of Cubans get out of the new car. One
lights an interest. Points to the men--

DET. MEYER (CONT'D)
Morales.

He writes this name down on the list. Reyes takes photos.
Meyer closes the notebook and sits still.

Reyes stops photographing.

DET. REYES
Are we--

Meyer puts his finger to his lips-- **shhhhh**.

EXT. RED LINCOLN CONTINENTAL (MOVING) - DAY

Lincoln motors along a coastal highway. Leaving the city. Taj and Anthony up front. Joey in the back.

ANTHONY

Forget it!

JOEY

We gotta look at this like an opportunity.

ANTHONY

Switchin' things up is one thing, pushin' more weight is another. An' you're lookin' to do both.

JOEY

It's how you make money.

TAJ

No, mate, it's how you get sloppy.

Anthony's pager BEEPS and BUZZES across the dashboard.

ANTHONY

Look, I'm done talkin' about it. An' don't bring it up to Cuban Mike, you're still a spectator.

Anthony reaches into the GLOVE BOX. Pulls out a .38 revolver. Hands it to Taj, who shakes his head.

TAJ

You know my rules.

So Anthony tosses it back to Joey.

JOEY

I thought this was just a meetin'.

ANTHONY

I'll buy his smoke but not his word.

Joey slides the gun into his waistband. Looks over to patches of MANGROVE SWAMPS getting thicker and thicker. Small fishing skiffs disappear into the swamps.

NEXT MOMENT

They pass an old, faded sign, **"Welcome to Little Havana!"**

The town is older than its shitty sign.

First building they see is boarded-up, closed for good. Aura of desperation. Three boys holding machetes just back from working the Miami River swamps for twenty cents an hour.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA CAFE - DAY

Faded pink. Cubans, fresh off the boat, hang in the lot eyeballing that Lincoln like a paycheck.

INT. LITTLE HAVANA CAFE - DAY

Joey and Anthony walk inside. Cuban music strings from bad speakers. Menu painted on the wall. Nothing ever changes.

Gang of four Cuban Thugs eat lunch. GUNS ON THE TABLE.

The nicest thing in here is the 5'x10' SALT WATER FISH TANK against the far wall. Two baby LEOPARD SHARKS knife through the floating kelp beds.

And right now Cuban Mike is on a ladder, cleaning algae off the inside of the glass with a STRAIGHT RAZOR.

ANTHONY

I hope you fed your crew to those fuckin' sharks.

CUBAN MIKE

My crew is clean, si? Is your car they watch. Gold pinche Caddilac. Put a fucking sign on your hood-- "Drug dealer!"

ANTHONY

If they were on to my car, you can bet your brown ass I'd be in the wind, not standin' here talkin' to you. It's your fuckin' Spics.

Cuban Mike bounds down the ladder. Gripping the razor.

CUBAN MIKE

You remember where you are, si?!

ANTHONY

I know exactly where the fuck I am! And it ain't Cuba! So back off!

Joey sees the Cuban Thugs palming their guns--

He slides his hand to his gun. Everything about to boil over--

JOEY

They're on to the Club!
 (everyone looks at him)
 Which means you gotta assume
 they're on to you, your dope, your
 whole operation... what you gotta
 do now is change it up.
 Everything.

Anthony shakes his head, knows where this is going.

CUBAN MIKE

Oh, is that it? That easy? You
 know my operation better than me?

Joey walks to the fish tank. Sees a little "sucker fish"
 swimming under the sharks. Looks glued to their bellies.

JOEY

That's a Remora, right?

Cuban Mike nods. Impressed.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Them and the sharks are like us and
 the cops. It's called a symbiotic
 relationship. One don't exist
 without the other. But the shark
 is bigger, faster, so he can shake
 'em.

CUBAN MIKE

You a magic man, si? Point your
 magic finger and they go away?

JOEY

You got it backwards. They don't
 go away. We do. All the heat's on
 the street, at the club, right? So
 we don't use the street.

Joey watches the leopard sharks disappear in the kelp beds.

JOEY (CONT'D)

We use the water.

Taj stares at the fish tank. Finds the narrative.

TAJ

Hide in the mangroves.

JOEY

And the hull of a boat is a lot
 bigger than the trunk of a car.

A revelatory beat. Cuban Mike ponders the new info.

CUBAN MIKE
Where you learn this, this
symbiotic shit?

JOEY
The Bible ain't the only book in
the Pen and I don't like handball.

CUBAN MIKE
Last time we meet you say nothing
and now you say everything...

JOEY
I just--

Cuban Mike slams him against the FISH TANK -- straight razor
against his neck--

CUBAN MIKE
I don't like people telling me what
I to do.

JOEY
I ain't fuckin' you. Just a way to
make a lot more money.

Cuban Mike considers. Flicks the razor and nicks Joey's neck.

CUBAN MIKE
Forty up front. Not twenty like
before.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA CAFE - DAY

Joey and Anthony walk out. Anthony wheels on him--

ANTHONY
Fuckin' idiot!

JOEY
I had to. Relax, we just--

ANTHONY
--gave away half our profit to move
more shit than I got means to.

JOEY
We didn't give away any profit.
We're making more--

ANTHONY
 -- shut your fuckin' mouth and get
 the fuck in the car.

They climb in the car. Taj gives Joey a wink. Likes the plan.

JOEY (PRE-LAP)
You're gonna thank me...

EXT. MANGROVES - NIGHT

Joey sprays Anthony with a can of mosquito spray.

JOEY
 ... these things carry all kinds'a
 shit.

ANTHONY
 So I'm gonna die from Dengue Fever.
 Dream come true. This the spot or
 what?

TAJ
 You ain't gonna die from Dengue,
 mate. Maybe malaria.

They stand next to a PICK-UP.

Joey shines his FLASHLIGHT on a HAND-DRAWN MAP. Puts the
 light on the thick overgrowth of mangrove boughs dipping into
 small dark waterways like fingers.

A FLASHLIGHT blinks three times from an inlet.

NEXT MOMENT

A skiff with FOUR CUBANS and TWELVE BALES OF WEED the size of
 cinder blocks motors to the shoreline...

EXT. EVERGLADES - NIGHT

The PICK UP drives into an old WAREHOUSE buried in the middle
 of the everglades.

Cuban Mike is there with FOUR OTHER CUBANS, one guy is
 MORALES from the club.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Morales and his men transfer SIX BALES into their van. Cuban
 Mike and Joey grin-- **easy money.**

Anthony looks at the other six in the truck.

ANTHONY
How the fuck we movin' the rest?

Off Joey's MAGNETIC SMILE...

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Frank and Charlie stumble through the doors looking like Jersey with wool pants and leather jackets.

Joey waits curbside at his convertible Caddy. Looks Miami.

JOEY
Jesus, I'm sweatin' jus' lookin' at
ya.

Big hugs as they pile into a convertible...

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Bedroom door opens to SIX bales of weed.

REVERSE ANGLE

Frank, Charlie, Joey and Anthony stare at the dope.
Charlie's jaw goes slack, his cigarette falls to the floor.

FRANK
Holy Mary Mother of Joseph...

CHARLIE
Now that's a lotta smoke.

JOEY
No.
(winks to Anthony)
That's a lot of profit.

Frank runs and tackles the bales of weed.

INT. MEYER'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Meyer taps his notebook impatiently. NO NAMES written in it tonight. Checks his watch: **1:35 am**... Knows something's up.

DET. REYES
You think they're on to us--

Meyer glares at him. Reyes falls silent.

EXT. BOAT HANGAR - DAY

Painted over the front door: *KUSH CUSTOM WATERCRAFT est. 1957*

INT. BOAT HANGAR - DAY

Three big sleek power boats in various forms of construction.

Championship flags and photos on the walls.

JOEY studies the photos: Eddie and boat racers then one of he and Bonnie. Another of she and her mother, she's 13, all teeth and legs.

He glances towards the window of an INTERIOR OFFICE where Taj and Eddie are discussing Taj's new engines when--

THE ROLL UP DOOR

Suddenly winches open. A sunflower yellow Volkswagen bug pulls in. Parks. Bonnie gets out. Heads for the office.

Joey shadows her between the boats. She doesn't see him.

JOEY

So how much one'a these cost?

She recognizes the voice. Turns to Joey's smile.

BONNIE

More than your watch.

JOEY

I've been savin' up.

BONNIE

You can't just be a racer.

JOEY

No?

BONNIE

No.

JOEY

Would you go on a date with me if I was?

The moment hangs.

BONNIE
You're not.

TAJ (O.S.)
Joey!

Bonnie uses that to keep walking.

JOEY
You gonna be at the race?

BONNIE
I'm at every race.

JOEY
You like racin' that much, huh?

BONNIE
I like that whether you win or
lose, nobody gets hurt.

TAJ (O.S.)
Let's go, mate!

JOEY
I like that picture of you and your
Mom.

She stops. Looks back but he's GONE. Now she smiles.

INT. CAR - DAY

Joey jumps in.

JOEY
I want to race boats.

TAJ
You can't just be a boat racer.

JOEY
(defiant)
Why? Why can't I?

TAJ
Because you don't know a bloody
thing about boats. Or the ocean.
It's a dangerous sport, mate. You
have to know your currents, wind
swells... do you even know how to
read a bloody chart?

JOEY

Not a clue. But you do. Teach me.

Off Taj gauging Joey's resolve...

SMUGGLING/SPENDING MONTAGE:

THE KINKS: *"A Well Respected Man"*...

-- **MANGROVES. NIGHT.**

Now there's TWO BOATS. Twice as much dope. Joey, Anthony and Taj pack it in their truck. It's higher than the bed. They throw a tarp over top.

--**WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.**

Morales and his crew pack dope into a MOVING VAN. Joey hands Cuban Mike a duffle bag of cash. Then Anthony sets ANOTHER BAG on the table.

JOEY

And here's forty for the next one.

Cuban Mike grins as he looks in the other bag.

-- **OPEN OCEAN. POWER BOAT. DAY.**

Joey DRIVES. Taj works the throttle.

TAJ

Pretty much anything you've learned from driving a car won't work out here, no tires and no brakes, so you can't expect her to handle like she's on pavement.

They polish glassy waters at break-neck speed.

TAJ (CONT'D)

... twenty degrees, forty-five degrees. Turning is all about angles. Too tight and you're dead. Too wide and you lose.

Joey slowly turns the wheel. Taj backs the throttle. BIG HULL CARVES into a turn. Perfect.

WIDE

They RIP across glassy water. The boat planing perfectly. Their back drop is the ever-growing Miami skyline.

Joey howls: "WOOO-HOOOO!"

-- **MARINA WAREHOUSE. DAY.**

Joey, Anthony, Taj and Charlie put a TARP over a truck bed packed with BRICKS OF POT.

CHARLIE

You think I'm gonna drive across state lines with five hundred pounds'a weed under a fuckin' tarp?

ANTHONY

Stop thinkin', would ya?

-- **NURSERY. DAY.**

BEEP! BEEP! A tractor dumps a load of compost over the tarp. They hold their noses.

CHARLIE

You fuckin' kiddin' me? Smells like horse shit!

-- **FITZY'S PUB. BACK OFFICE. NEW JERSEY.**

Charlie and Frank sell pounds of weed to high-end buyers.

FRANK

Smells just like Cuban pussy.

Old black pimp sucks on a joint. Big grin.

PIMP

An' it tastes like one too, shiiiiit.

-- **STREETS. NEW JERSEY.**

Dealers sell to corner men... Corner men sell to street misfits and white college kid drive-bys...

-- **A CLUB. NEW JERSEY.**

Charlie dollies FOUR cases of beer into the bar. Sets one on the counter. Bartender opens the flap. In each section that should have a beer bottle is a BAG OF WEED.

-- **ANTHONY'S HOME. DAY.**

A STACK OF CASH is tossed to Anthony who packs it into the closet wall. All the clothes are off the racks. The whole fucking wall is nothing but CASH.

ANTHONY

This is fuckin' ridiculous. We gotta start spendin' this shit faster.

-- CAR DEALERSHIP. DAY

Joey has his hands over Anthony's eyes. Takes them away
REVEALING TWO PORSCHE CARRERA 911 RS's.

A RED one and a YELLOW one.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You shittin' me?!

Anthony walks right for the YELLOW ONE.

A YOUNG CUBAN KID uses his rag to open the door. Anthony gets it. Shit-eating grin.

Joey walks to his RED one. Cuban KID hustles over. Opens his door. Joey gets in. Sees the kid in the SIDEVIEW still wiping down the body and rear bumper.

JOEY

Hey, kid. What's your favorite color?

CUBAN KID

Negro?

JOEY

(to Dealer)

Get him a black one.

CAR DEALER

(stunned)

Sir?

ANTHONY

You buyin' the kid a Porsche?!
Fuck you doin' that for? You don't even know him.

JOEY

'Cuz I can.

ANTHONY

You're a fuckin' idiot.

JOEY

You want me to give him yours?

ANTHONY

No!

-- SOUTH BEACH. STRIP. NEXT MOMENT

Joey, in the RED Porsche. Revs the engine. Smiles over to Anthony, who's in the YELLOW Porsche.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Race for pink slips?

JOEY

Why would I want a car that looks like a big yellow cock?

ANTHONY

'Cuz it speaks volumes about the--

LIGHT TURNS GREEN.

Joey races away. Anthony pops the clutch and stalls it.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

NEXT MOMENT

Joey cruises down the strip. Chicks eyeball him. Guys stare with envy.

He's living the life he saw when he first arrived.

NEXT MOMENT

Anthony follows Joey into the driveway of a BIG BEACH HOUSE. Joey leans against his car. Shit-eating grin.

Anthony gets out. Eyes bugging at the pad.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Always gotta one up me--

Joey, all grins, throws his arm around Anthony. Walks him to the door and pushes it OPEN to...

MATCH CUT TO:

-- JOEY'S BEACH HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT. SUNSET.

... a PARTY. A BIG PARTY. Racers. Strippers. The high life.

Anthony dances on a big coffee table, his shirt off as girls throw money at him. Completely shit-heeled. Suddenly, the coffee table collapses under his weight!

Everyone howls.

Joey laughs from the BALCONY DOORWAY. Turns to the beach and ocean view just as Taj ROARS by in a race boat full of girls.

Off Joey's envious gaze...

END MONTAGE.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Meyer and Reyes doing paperwork at their desks when Peterson rushes out of his office...

CAPTAIN PETERSON
Eight hundred pounds! Eight
hundred!

Everyone looks up, confused.

Peterson leads them to a TV in his office showing a live NEWS REPORT. Banner on screen: **Everglades City**

A bleach blonde reporter stands in front of a MOVING VAN that is cordoned off with YELLOW TAPE.

NEWS REPORTER
During a routine traffic stop, the
officer's found more than out of
date registration tags...

CUT TO-- VIDEO of all the dope...

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
... in the back was over eight
hundred pounds of marijuana. The
largest drug seizure Southern
Florida has ever seen...

CUT TO-- VIDEO of MORALES in the backseat of the police car.

DET. REYES
That's--

DET. MEYER
Morales.

CAPTAIN PETERSON
You know this guy?

DET. MEYER
Yeah.

CAPTAIN PETERSON
Then why aren't you the one
arresting him?

EXT. EVERGLADES CITY POLICE STATION - DAY

Meyer and Reyes walk past the sign: *Everglades City PD*

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Meyer and Reyes sit across from a dour-faced Morales. Reyes slides him a cup of coffee. Morales doesn't even look at him.

Reyes takes the cup back. Throws it in the garbage.

DET. MEYER
How do you go from a twenty pound
runner to eight hundred?

Morales ignores him.

DET. MEYER (CONT'D)
That's Federal weight, Morales.
We put you on a boat back to your
hinterland and you're not coming
back. No more "political asylum".
So, who's it gonna be? Nixon or
Castro?

DET. REYES (SPANISH)
Castro's gonna cut your balls off.

This gets Morales' attention.

MORALES
The water.

DET. MEYER
What water?

MORALES
The mangroves.

DET. MEYER
Where?

MORALES
Where? Fucking everywhere.

Meyer and Reyes exchange a look of concern...

INT. A FAN BOAT - DAY (NEXT MOMENT)

Meyer and Reyes are a hundred yards off shore staring incredulously at the massive labyrinthine mangrove swamps that stretch for miles in each direction.

All around them fishing boats and sail boats dart in and out of skinny inlets that disappear into the swamps.

DET. MEYER (PRE-LAP)
*There's over seven hundred square
miles of swamps...*

INT. MIAMI POLICE OFFICE - DAY

A BIG MAP of Florida on the wall.

A huge chunk of southern mangroves in the everglades is circled with dozens of ARROWS POINTING from the ocean into the swamps.

DET. MEYER
... entry points where ever the
hell they want. The Cuban drug
trade just turned into a drug war.

Captain Peterson stares at the map. Not happy.

CAPTAIN PETERSON
How do we fight back?

DET. MEYER
With everything we've got, sir.
Coast Guard, Customs... we stop
what we can.

CLOSE ON the MAP and all that water...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDDIE'S HANGAR - DAY

Joey walks amongst the boats. Hears a ratchet in the back somewhere then...

EDDIE (O.S.)
Goddamn it!

Eddie rises from the engine compartment of a big power boat. Cigarette dangling from his mouth.

JOEY
Mr. Kush? I'm friends with Taj.

EDDIE

I know who you are, kid.

NEXT MOMENT

Joey sits up in the boat. Eddie wrenches on the engine.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

A big boat with a big engine?
That's it, huh?

JOEY

What else do I need to win? Can
you build it?

EDDIE

Building screamers is all I do. If
I don't have grease on my hands I'm
lost at sea.

JOEY

Then we're in business?

Eddie weighs Joey. Likes his moxie. Sticks out his hand but
it's covered in grease. He's about to clean it when Joey
shakes it anyway.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I ain't afraid'a gettin' a little
dirty.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Joey and Taj stand on the docks in **YELLOW JUMPSUITS** next to a
YELLOW POWER BOAT with white pinstripes and the name--
SUNSHINE BANDITS -- on the side.

Anthony watches them with a girl on each arm.

ANTHONY

You're fuckin' nuts, cuz?

Joey smiles then turns and vomits. Anthony and Taj laugh.

TAJ

That's good, mate. Get it out
before we're on the water.

INT. BONNIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM - DAY

Bonnie's in front of a mirror doing her lipstick. TV on in
the other room.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
*Lastly, is a new entry; the
 Sunshine Bandits with navigator Taj
 Hamilton and driver Joey Corrello.*

She stops-- **what the fuck?**

INT. YELLOW POWER BOAT - DAY

Idling at the starting line. Joey's terrified. Taj slaps him on the chest. Howls like a caveman. Getting pumped.

GREEN LIGHT FLASHES -- TAJ slams the throttle!

EXT. BONNIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bonnie, at a floor to ceiling window on the thirtieth floor with a set of BINOCs.

BINOC POV

A DOZEN BOATS tearing WHITE LINES through aqua blue. Lowers the BINOCs...

INT. YELLOW POWER BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

The hull SLAMS the rough water. Joey fights the steering wheel. Taj works the throttle as they catch air off swells.

JOEY
 We're catchin' them.

TAJ
 Keep your eyes on the water. Watch
 for cross-swells.

JOEY
 What?

TAJ
 THERE!

A BIG CROSS SWELL -- boat launches -- Joey drifts the wheel--

TAJ (CONT'D)
 Keep it straight!

Too late -- hull lands -- nose buries into a hard right -- water floods over the side -- Joey straightens it out -- Taj slams the throttle -- engines throw white water--

EXT. SHORELINE - FINISH LINE - DAY

Yellow power boat follows three others under the checkered.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Joey and Taj recount the fuck-up to Anthony and his girls.

JOEY

I hit this-- what'd you call it?

TAJ

Cross swell.

JOEY

A cross swell. We launch into the fuckin' air like a bottle rocket. Land sideways like this--
 (gestures with his hand)
 -- water's floodin' in--

BONNIE (O.S.)

What kind of driver doesn't see a cross swell?

Joey looks up to Bonnie on the dock.

ANTHONY

A shitty one.

The guys laugh. She steps onto the boat.

JOEY

I was blinded by speed.

BONNIE

I thought speed wins races.

She steps up to the steering wheel. Glances back.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I owe you a date Joey Corrello, but instead I'll give you a lesson.

I/E. YELLOW POWER BOAT (MOVING) - DUSK

Gliding effortlessly across the water.

The sun sinking towards the horizon. They skirt the coast. Miami night coming to life.

BONNIE

It takes patience to win. A boat responds to the water around it not the man driving it, so you can't force it.

She looks at him and he's just smiling at her.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You still listening?

JOEY

I'm listenin'.

BONNIE

On a Class C, it's about being lean. You have to run smooth to carry your speed. My Uncle Eddie always strips weight from the stern, there's no room for extra baggage.

JOEY

Sound wisdom.

They race into smooth water. Bonnie banks a hard turn. Surprises Joey and then the ENGINE SPUTTERS AND DIES.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Don't matter how much weight you carry if you flood the engine.

BONNIE

(taps the fuel gauge)

Can't flood an engine if it doesn't have any gas.

They give each other a look and laugh.

NEXT MOMENT

Joey keys a radio mic.

JOEY

Mad-day, may-day. Sunshine Bandit. Out of fuel. Anyone?

No response. He drops the mic.

BONNIE

I guess we're just drifting.

Joey sits next to her. Looks around.

JOEY
I've spent enough time driftin'.

BONNIE
What does that mean?

JOEY
Followin', doin' what I'm told.

BONNIE
Following who? Doing what?

JOEY
When's the student get to ask a question?

BONNIE
Go ahead.

JOEY
Why are you out here?

Bonnie thinks.

BONNIE
My uncle took me in when my parents died, the first thing he did was take me out on one of his boats. You can go any direction on a boat. It was freedom. I wasn't sad anymore, I wasn't blaming myself, I was just there... drifting.

JOEY
But why're you driftin' with me?

He moves closer...

BONNIE
Because I don't think you're all bad, Joey.

JOEY
But I ain't all good either...

Now she moves closer. Just about to kiss when--

VOICE (O.S.)
U.S. Coast Guard. You the one with engine trouble?

JOEY
Not 'til you got here.

INT. BONNIE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bonnie giggles. They're picking up where they left off. Tangled in sheets. Life getting better.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Joey looks over a couple of large diamond pendants. Points to the biggest set.

JOEY
That's the one.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Joey walks out with a smile on his face. Feeling the sun. In love. The world turning just for him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Hey, Joey...

He turns to a PISTOL WHIPPING ACROSS HIS FACE-- CUT TO BLACK.

Long beat.

The sound of a horse snorting. Pawing at the ground.

VOICE (SPANISH)
Shhhh. Quiet, my friend.

Suddenly, a BLACK HOOD COMES OFF our head and we're staring at a man wearing jeans, denim shirt and a cowboy hat.

INT. HORSE STABLE - DAY

Joey watches the MAN comb the HORSE. Fifteen hands tall. It whinnies nervously. The man shushes. Horse responds.

MAN
Horses are more reliable than dogs.
You know this?

This tall, angular cowboy is FELIPE "the Colombian" RIVERA, 34, cowboy cool but there's a looming danger rooted in his stoicism that you can't ignore.

Joey chins up. Hides his fear. Looks for an exit.

FELIPE
In my barrio, there was a man who
had this beautiful horse.
(MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

Used it to pull his wagon. Wagon was full of junk he collected-- I don't know what for. What I do remember was seeing him whip this horse, beat it, but the wagon, it just weighed too much.

JOEY

Shoulda sold some of that junk, got himself a second horse.

FELIPE

Si, si. In Colombia--

Joey reacts to that word "Colombia"-- *oh fuck.*

FELIPE (CONT'D)

--when you turn sixteen you become a man. You must think like a man, act like a man. So when I turned sixteen, I walked to his house and I took that horse from him. He came out with his machete and I took that from him too. And I used it to cut off his arms so he could never beat another horse.

He lets that sink in.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

In life, you must do what must be done. And you Joey, understand this.

JOEY

I understand that if this is Mike's way gettin' a higher cut, he can go fuck himself.

FELIPE

Cuban Mike? Oh, no-no-no-no... Only Cuban blood you'll find here is on my walls.

Felipe nods to a MAN WITH A SHOTGUN who steps forward with a bucket. Felipe flips it over and sits on it.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

But your Cuban has a very big mouth. So I listen...

(taps his ear)

... and I hear about the mangroves, and the drugs, and a gringo... more money than ever before, si?

(MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

Maybe it is the mangroves... maybe.
But I think it's the poquito
gringo.

Felipe takes Joey's jewelry box out of his own pocket. Checks out the diamond pendant.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

You want to protect those you love?
Keep them safe?

Joey stares at the diamond. Nods.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

Very Good. You will smuggle my
drugs into the United States. You
move what I tell you to move and at
the price I tell you to pay. And
you are in business with me until
you are not.

JOEY

How will I know if we're not in
business anymore?

FELIPE

You won't. Because you'll be dead.

JOEY

Colombia is like a thousand miles
away, probably more... So, how?

Felipe smiles. Sets the jewelry box on Joey's knee.

FELIPE

How? Joey, you are the smuggler.
(pat on the back)
You'll figure it out.

Felipe strolls to the door. Turns back--

FELIPE (CONT'D)

But if you don't...

A hard, threatening gaze...

INT. PRIVATE JET (FLYING) - DAY

Joey sits alone in a small five seater jet. Touches the gash on his nose. Winces.

Weight of the world on his shoulders as he looks out the window...

Tiny islands dot the ocean... as small as he feels right now.

INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey walks through the door into a living room thick with nervous cigarette smoke.

Bonnie, Anthony and Taj watch the news: more arrests in the Mangroves... they turn to the door. See Joey and go apeshit.

BONNIE
 JOEY?!
 ANTHONY
 Where the fuck you been?

BONNIE
 (kisses him)
 Are you okay?

He gives her a big, life-affirming hug.

TAJ
 What happened to your face, mate?

JOEY
 Fell off a horse.

ANTHONY
 We thought the cops had you, cuz.

JOEY
 Why would the cops have me?

Taj directs him to a newspaper. PHOTO IMAGE of Coast Guard boats and a new CUSTOMS fast boat patrolling the waters off the mangroves... Taj reads...

TAJ
Over thirty-five hundred pounds of marijuana seized in the last forty-eight hours. "We will not let these drug smugglers destroy our city--"

JOEY
 -- so they're on to the mangroves?

TAJ
 Not just on to it. All over it.

JOEY
 This is good.

ANTHONY

What the fuck are you talkin' about good!? Ain't nothin' good about them takin' our dope!

JOEY

It's good, Ant. We know exactly where they are. They're exposed.

TAJ

Us too, mate. And Cuban Mike is--

JOEY

-- in the same situation we're in. At least that's what we'll have him believing.

ANTHONY

(confused)

Somethin' you wanna fill us in on?

MOMENTS LATER

Everyone up to speed-- and floored.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Ain't no fuckin' way we can pull this off...

Bonnie, tears in her terrified eyes, runs out to the beach.

JOEY

We're gonna pull it off. Because we have to.

(chases after Bonnie)

Bon!

BEACH - NEXT MOMENT

Joey runs after Bonnie. Grabs her arm

BONNIE

This is going to get you killed!

She breaks down. They slide to the sand.

JOEY

This is what I have to do so I can get us out...

She didn't expect to hear that.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I came down here to be my own man,
live my own life not--

BONNIE

(pleading)

-- then do it. Just race boats.

JOEY

I wish I could. I want to. But I
gotta do this first. And I can do
it. I'm the best and he knows it
or he wouldn't have come to me.

BONNIE

(steps away)

The best at what... smuggling?
Being a criminal? Well good for
you... congratulations!

JOEY

Come on, Bon... hey.

BONNIE

No. You don't want out... you like
that he came to you because he's
everything you want to be.

She walks away leaving Joey to consider that truth. He looks
out to the unstoppable tide rolling onto shore...

EXT. EDDIE'S HANGAR - DAY

Joey parks his Gullwing Mercedes. Checks out the blue Olds
next to him. Government plates.

INT. EDDIE'S HANGAR - DAY

Joey walks inside. This time the hangar is partitioned off by
a large white curtain. He can hear Eddie's voice. Can make
out three figures standing in front of a large boat.

EDDIE (O.S.)

I'll have them for you by the end
of the month.

Hands shake. Curtain opens. Joey's not there.

Eddie escorts TWO MEN in cheap blue suits out the door. Turns
around and there's--

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Joey!

JOEY

Who was that?

EDDIE

No one.

JOEY

I need a boat.

EDDIE

(devious smile)

Oh, I got a boat. This is gonna
blow your hair back, man.

BEHIND HANGER

Eddie grabs the cover on the mysterious boat. Flashes a proud grin and WHIPS the cover off revealing a NEW BOAT. It's short but with a sleek, deeper hull.

Joey is floored, whistles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

My newest prototype. I dropped eight feet from stern to bow but added two to the hull. Using a new composite fiberglass. It's more expensive and takes twice as long to cure-- but it's 47% stronger, 22% lighter and 7% less resistance in the water.

JOEY

Now this is a "runner".

EDDIE

Fuckin' A. She's a show-off, this one. It has the same exact power of what you currently got.

JOEY

What is this-- Class C?

EDDIE

This one's not made for racing.

JOEY

You must be reading my mind.

EDDIE

Innovation, the key to my success.

JOEY
I'll take it.

EDDIE
There's one more thing...

EXT. BIMINI ISLAND - JUNGLE UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Joey machetes a trail through a wall of vines. Anthony swats mosquitos. Steps in a puddle of mud.

ANTHONY
Goddamn it! You know how much I paid for these topsiders? Two-tone, Bottega Veneta, Intrecciato leather. Three hundred forty five dollars.

Joey's not listening to Anthony. He's hearing something else. A faint "brrrrr" sound from the sky above.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Pants are ruined too. Ain't a chink in a dry cleanin' convention gonna get this stain out.

JOEY
(stops at a Ficus tree)
Gimme a hand?

Anthony boosts Joey up the tree. He scales the branches. Scans the blue. Spots a plane dropping out of the horizon. It rips overhead.

ANTHONY
Is that them? Fuck are they goin'?

They watch the plane fly passed. Then BALES start dropping from the side door.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I thought you said they was supposed to hit the ground.

Then the bales sail over the island -- SPLASH into the water.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I ain't gonna ruin my shirt too!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

THREE BLUE PLASTIC BALES bob in the water.

A RACING HORSE stamp on each one.

INT. PROTOTYPE - DAY

Taj, Joey and Anthony motor up to the bales.

JOEY
Watch this.

He hits the switch. They look in the hull as a FAKE BOTTOM rolls away revealing a larger cavity in the hull.

ANTHONY
Fuckin' Eddie.

NEXT MOMENT

They heave the bales aboard. Taking serious muscle.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
This shit's water-logged.

Joey cuts one open and there's WRAPPING... cuts through the wrapping REVEALING SMALL BRICKS... cuts into the brick and it's COCAINE.

They look at the other bales. It's a shit-ton of cocaine.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
What. The. Fuck?

JOEY
(to Taj)
It's heavier. We have enough fuel?

TAJ
If we can run with the wind... we should make it.

ANTHONY
We can't move Coke!

JOEY
Just help me get it onboard!

INT. PROTOTYPE (MOVING) - DAY

They cut through open water. Joey with BINOCs.

BINOC POV

Miami skyline MILES away but they're not speeding towards it.

They're speeding NORTH of the highrises. Opposite direction of the mangroves.

EXT. WOODED SHORELINE - DAY

Taj idles the boat under a COVERED SLIP that's painted green to match the thick wooded shoreline.

EXT. A RANCH - DAY

A nice ranch house. Horse corral. A few stables. They're putting their money to good use.

Bonnie rides a horse along the fence line.

BONNIE
You made it!

Joey gives her a kiss. Anthony storms into the house.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
What's his problem?

INT. JOEY'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Anthony, Bonnie and Taj stare at eight bales of cocaine. Joey is on a short-wave radio.

JOEY
I'm not set-up for it. I don't--

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP SHACK - COLOMBIA - NIGHT (SAME)

Felipe on a radio as he stares out over endless fields of cocoa plants and grass.

FELIPE
-- you move what I tell you to move
at the price I tell you to pay. Is
a very simple understanding.

(intercut with Joey and Felipe)

JOEY
I move smoke. That's where I make
you money.

FELIPE
You are a smuggler, Joey. That is
how you make my money.
(MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

You sell smoke for a thousand dollars a pound, with coke you get fifteen times that much. This is my future now. This is your future now. Or are we no longer in business?

He lets the threat hang in the air.

JOEY

We're still in business.

JOEY

Throws the mic down. Looks at the blow.

ANTHONY

I don't know no one who moves coke.

JOEY

If Felipe's importing this now, it's only a matter of time before everyone else is. This is our chance to stay ahead of the risin' tide.

BONNIE

I thought we were getting out?

JOEY

Not now, Bon.

Bonnie storms out. Joey lets her go.

JOEY (CONT'D)

We just need someone with deeper roots than us and we already know him...

ANTHONY

(knows who he means)

Ah shit...

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

CUBAN MIKE works a needle as he sews up holes in a big fishing net. Glances up to see Joey and Anthony approaching.

NEXT MOMENT

Cuban Mike studies a brick of coke. Pablo watches over.

CUBAN MIKE

Maybe instead of me helping you with this, you fix the fucking mangroves first, huh?!

JOEY

Plenty'a dope still slippin' through the swamps.

CUBAN MIKE

Yeah, and losing half my men in the process, si?

ANTHONY

They'll swim back, trust me.

Cuban Mike sets down the brick of cocaine.

CUBAN MIKE

What I want to know, is how you get this through, huh?

(answers his own question)

Fucking Colombian fucking pieces of shit?!

JOEY

I'll get it through. Cops wanna sink their teeth into the mangroves, let 'em. But if you can sell it, I promise you're makin' a helluva lot more than you're losin'. We all are.

Cuban Mike stares at the coke...

INT. VAN (MOVING) - LATER THAT DAY

Anthony drives. Taj is in back. Joey rides shotgun. Looks out the window to Little Havana. Desperate and isolated.

Pull up to an OLD WAREHOUSE backed up to the encroaching mangroves. Dim lights bleed through cracked and half-shattered windows.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The VAN pulls in. Headlights illuminate Cuban Mike and two other Latinos, CARLOS and MANUEL.

The warehouse is packed full of forgotten junk. Stacks of iron, pallets of bricks and mortar, appliances, rubber tires.

Anthony and Taj get out. Keep eyes on the front door.

The two men with Cuban Mike emote nothing. Square-jawed and greasy. Never learned how to smile.

CUBAN MIKE

All my friends are here. Let's see it.

Taj goes to the back of the van. Comes back around with a couple of bricks.

One of the men pops out his switch blade. Knives open the package. Dips a long pinky-nail. Snorts.

CUBAN MIKE (CONT'D)

Es bueno?

Man nods. Cuban Mike grins. The men pack the coke into their car. Joey and his crew packs the money into their car.

Cuban Mike wipes his hands like Pointus Pilates when--

THREE MASKED MEN charge through the FRONT DOOR!

CUBAN MIKE (CONT'D)

Ladrones!

Guns come out and bullets fly -- Carlos drops first.

Anthony and Joey dive to one side of the van. Pull guns and return fire-- Manuel takes two in the chest.

Bullets ricochet everywhere.

Cuban Mike races for the back door. Taj follows. Takes fire from BANDIT 1. Scrambles to the side wall--

Manuel rushes for the FRONT DOOR -- BANDIT 2 cuts him off -- both shoot -- both drop dead.

Joey looks UNDER THE VAN. Sees bodies fall. Then sees FOOTSTEPS of BANDIT 3 run towards the far wall. He pops up -- FIRES -- **BANG! CLICK! CLICK!** Out of bullets-- *shit.*

ANTHONY

Joey--

Joey doesn't want to call out. Can't give away his position.

Hears gunshots in the back of the warehouse. Sees a GUN in Manuel's dead hand. Rushes forward-- BULLETS chatter over his head. He dives backwards. Further away from the gun.

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Joey!

Joey can't see Anthony. Hears GUNFIRE in the back of the warehouse. Then that horrifying sound of someone cocking a hammer. Joey fossilizes. Then turns to see BANDIT 3 pointing a pistol at his face.

Click. Empty chamber.

Joey tackles Bandit 3 into crates--

This is not pretty or powerful just two, ordinary men desperately trying to kill each other with their bare hands.

Joey RIPS off the mask REVEALING-- PABLO.

Pablo pulls his KNIFE -- stabs for Joey's throat -- they fall backwards -- knife falls free -- Joey gets it -- stabs Pablo in his THIGH-- Pablo kicks Joey in the face as MORE GUNFIRE from the back of the warehouse but these rounds are coming their way!

TAJ

Charges from the back of the warehouse -- firing at Pablo -- Pablo runs out of the warehouse.

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Joey--

Joey and Taj hustle around the van. Find Anthony sitting against the bumper. Gut shot.

JOEY

ANTHONY!

(to Taj)

GET SOME FUCKIN' TOWELS! NOW!

ANTHONY's losing so much blood he's fading pale. Clutches Joey's hand.

ANTHONY

(calm)

Fuck you yellin' for? You always yellin'...

JOEY

You're gonna be all right, Ant...

Sees the light fading from Anthony's eyes.

ANTHONY

You can't own this... you hear me?

JOEY

Ant! Ant! Don't you fuckin' go!

Anthony's pained expression fades into one of peace. Joey drops his head and whimpers. Distant SIRENS approach.

TAJ

We gotta go, mate! We gotta go!

INT. LITTLE HAVANA CAFE - NIGHT

Cuban Mike sits at a table with a group of men huddled around him. He looks shaken when--

JOEY and TAJ bust in the door, guns up.

Cuban Mike's men pull guns!

JOEY

You set us up!

CUBAN MIKE

(to men)

NO!

(to Joey and Taj)

It wasn't me!

Cuban Mike stands. Slowly backs towards the rear of the cafe.

JOEY

You picked the place!

CUBAN MIKE

I didn't set you up!

JOEY

THEN WHO?!

Cuban Mike opens the PANTRY DOOR REVEALING PABLO with a machete plunged into his chest. Dripping blood.

CUBAN MIKE

Piece of cago tried to kill me too.

But you can't hide from Cuban Mike.

Not in Little Havana, si?

Joey weighs Cuban Mike. Studies his expression, those beady, little eyes hard to read. But the proof is in front of him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Mass of cops.

Meyer looks at Anthony's dead body and then the other three. Doesn't recognize any of them.

DET. REYES (O.C.)
Hey Meyer, you ever see this
before?

Reyes hands Meyer a stranded kilo of cocaine. HORSE STAMP.

DET. MEYER
(look of concern)
No. But it's someone new.

DET. REYES
How do you know?

DET. MEYER
Because they're fighting for it.

He points the dead bodies.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - YELLOW POWER BOAT - DUSK

Joey, all alone in the middle of the ocean. No land in sight. Just drifting and he starts to weep... and he can't stop.

EXT. CEMETERY - NEW JERSEY - DAY

A BIG FRAMED PHOTO of ANTHONY at the grave site.

Typical Italian Funeral. Woman cry, men remain strong. Joey's father, Dominic, stands next to Johnny and Charlie. Joey off to the side with Bonnie and Taj.

NEXT MOMENT

Only people left are Charlie, Joey, Taj and Bonnie.

Charlie drops a handful of dirt in the grave. Leaves.

Taj gets up. Drops a handful of dirt in the grave. Leaves.

BONNIE
I love you... but I won't bury you.

She gets up. Drops a handful of dirt in the grave. Leaves. Now it's just Joey and his future.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPRAWLING RANCH HOUSE - COLOMBIA - DAY

Joey is driven up to the house in a Land Rover. He gets out with TWO PACKED DUFFLE BAGS.

Felipe meets him. Joey drops the bags at his feet.

JOEY

I wanted to tell you in person that
I'm out. I brought what I owe you
plus an extra million.

Felipe looks at the bags. Studies Joey.

FELIPE

Come with me.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

The stables are bigger than the house. At least fifteen horses here. Tended to by old Colombian ranch hands.

FELIPE

Did you know I lost my brother?

He stops at a FEED SHED. Steps inside and comes back out with a RIFLE. Gives Joey pause.

He walks down the stables. Joey follows. Notices the stable hands start to disappear.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

For years we worked for others but
as you know, if you want to live
like a king, you have to build your
own castle. Another cartel did not
like what we were doing so we went
to war. He died in my arms.

Joey sparks to the image of Anthony dying in his arms.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

I thought it would break me, but it
did the opposite. It made me work
that much harder to live my life
for him. For me, there is only one
thing more powerful than blood--
and that's prosperity.

Joey studies him.

JOEY

I'm not you.

Felipe cocks his head as if peering into Joey's soul.

Gestures into an open stall.

Joey looks down to the gun and has no choice.

IN THE HORSE STALL

A LAME HORSE. Big WRAP on its front leg. Felipe talks gently to the horse. Strokes its neck and nose.

FELIPE
Hold the reins.

Joey does. Down by the nose.

FELIPE (CONT'D)
When a horse cannot be a horse. It
is no use to me.

He backs up so the horse can't see him. Raises the rifle. Aims at the back of the horse's head which means he's almost aiming right at Joey--

BANG!

The horse topples to the ground.

Joey looks down to blood pooling towards his feet. Staining the hay red.

Felipe heads for the door then spins -- butt-strokes Joey in the grill and we CUT TO BLACK.

Sound.

DRIP-DRIP-DRIP... BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ... UP FROM BLACK--

EXT. BEHIND THE STABLE - DAY

Joey hangs upside down from a tree branch. Unconscious. Hands bound behind his back. His eyes flicker open.

The BUZZING louder. The DRIPS like a drum.

He looks to his side--

A SKINNED HORSE HEAD hangs next to him. It's covered with insects and bees. Grotesque and horrifying.

Joey screams. Tries to shake loose. No luck.

Then he sees Felipe, upside down, stepping into view. Holding a jar full of a golden liquid.

FELIPE

What you taste on your lips, on
your tongue, is not your blood,
Joey. It's sweet.

Joey licks his lips. Suddenly a BEE lands on his cheek. It's
honey. Another bee lands. Joey freaks.

JOEY

I can't move cocaine!

Felipe slowly pours the honey jar over Joey's face. Smothers
him. Clogs his nose. He can barely breathe.

FELIPE

You don't know what you can't do!
You owe me money you haven't even
made!

He kicks the horse head. Swarm of bugs and bees rise from it
and land on Joey's face. Eat into his flesh.

JOEY

Ten million! I can set up a
pipeline! Give me twelve months,
I'll make you ten million!

This gets Felipe's attention.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Joey splashes water on his face as Felipe pumps an old hand-
pump well.

JOEY

But I'm still out. That's the cost
for me settin' it up. You won't
need us once it's up and runnin'.

Felipe studies Joey's beleaguered, swollen face. Laughs at
his persistence.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I gotta do what's best for Bonnie,
for me. She's my family.

FELIPE

Yes, family is... most important.
(beat)
You do what you say and I will let
you go, but not a year...
(stands up)
You have six months.

EXT. A BOARDWALK - DAY

The perfect day. Sunshine. Bikinis. Boats and jet skis. Families on the perfect vacation...

EXT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK - DAY

A living hell... Joey leans against a pylon. Taj and Bonnie pace on both sides of him. Charlie sucks on his third joint of the day.

CHARLIE

How could you tell him that? A fuckin' pipeline? What does that even mean?

JOEY

I had no choice.

TAJ

It's impossible, mate. Who we gonna sell it to?

CHARLIE

I ain't dealin' with that fuckin' spic who got Ant killed.

BONNIE

You don't have a choice!

JOEY

That coke's gonna keep comin'.

CHARLIE

I don't give a fuck, I ain't workin' with him! Let's jus' go home. Can we jus' go home? He ain't gonna follow us to Jersey.

Everyone looks at him like he's a fucking idiot, except--

JOEY

You're a fuckin' genius!

CHARLIE

Fuck you. You're scared as I am.

Joey grabs him and kisses him. Off Charlie's confusion...

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - MIAMI - DAY

Waitress drops off a couple plates of pasta.

Sauce fused to the meatballs. Unappetizing. Joey digs in.

JOEY

Just like Sunday dinner.

He looks across to JOHNNY, who looks at this shit food like he's gonna shoot it. Pushes his plate aside. Grabs the bread.

JOHNNY

I ain't no fool. I see it. Young kids today wanna rot their brains instead a puttin' a nickel in the jukebox, so be it. But that doesn't mean I wanna be a part of it, let alone hand over my trust to you again.

JOEY

All those times you thought I did you wrong-- you were right to think that. I ain't gonna deny it. But one thing we can still see eye to eye on, is that I ain't a fool either. You see, that cocaine's comin' and it's gonna make a lotta people a lotta of money.

JOHNNY

How much we talkin'?

JOEY

If you can unload the weight I've got-- two, two and a half mil a month.

JOHNNY

Yeah. And I'm Tricky Dick Nixon.

JOEY

Every. Month. For as long as you can sell it. That kind'a money gets you into Atlantic City. Build your own fuckin' casino.

Joey can see he's on the line. Leans in, man to man.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Break bread wit' me...

JOHNNY

That's a lot of road to cover. You're lookin' at half a dozen states.

JOEY

No. I'm lookin' at avoidin' 'em.

Joey grins that magnetic smile. SLAPS down a MAGAZINE. On the cover: photo of a powerboat. **ATLANTIC CITY OPEN.**

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Meyer and Reyes are looking at THREE DEAD COLOMBIANS. On the bed is a suitcase with kilos of cocaine with a HORSE STAMP.

DET. REYES

How're they getting through us?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MEYER'S DESK - DAY

Reyes sets a DOZEN ARREST FOLDERS on Meyer's desk. Meyer looks at them, shocked.

DET. REYES

All coke.

Meyers flips through the paperwork. Sees something interesting.

AT THE WALL MAP - NEXT MOMENT

Meyer puts pins on the map at every arrest and murder scene: all of them are in north Miami. Hours from the mangroves.

DET. MEYER

These horsemen... they're not using the mangroves anymore. They're going around them... Jesus, this changes everything.

He draws his finger across all that water. All the way up the coast to Miami.

INT. PROTOTYPE - COAST OF BIMINI - DAY

Joey and Taj pack the last bale of COKE into the hull with the other six. Flicks the switch and the SLIDING FAKE FLOOR starts to covers the dope.

Suddenly, the FAKE FLOOR shutters. A small gear grinds and the floor jerks to a stop. Only covers half of the drugs.

TAJ

Bloody hell was that?

Joey flips the switch again. Nothing. Checks his watch, then the empty horizon. Nervous.

JOEY
Let's get off the water.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

They rip through the water. Cutting through the swells when--

TAJ
Crikey!

Joey looks back to a HUGE BLUE CUSTOMS BOAT eating water like a serpent as it chases them down. Joey slams the throttle.

TAJ (CONT'D)
How fast we going?

JOEY
A hundred!

CUSTOMS BOAT is a hundred yards back. Reeling them in.

JOEY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that?

TAJ
Don't know but we can't out run it!

He pulls back the throttle. Kills the engine.

CUSTOMS BOAT'S big hull sinks into the water as it cuts to an idle. Its wake almost floods the back of their boat.

Joey hits the toggle switch again. Hears the gear grinding, grinding. But can't hear the FLOOR moving. Turns the switch off. Exchanges a look of desperation with Taj.

The TWO AGENTS climb out of a futuristic cockpit.

Customs Agent 1 puts a hand on his gun. All business. Customs Agent 2 is more of a regular guy.

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
Coming aboard.

The Agents step on the FLOORBOARD.

CUT TO:

BALES OF COCAINE IN THE HULL

BACK TO SCENE

TAJ

We do something wrong, mate?

CUSTOMS AGENT 2

No numbers on your hull. Why didn't you stop? License and vessel registration.

Taj pulls paperwork from the glove box. Sees a PISTOL in there under the paper. Hands over the registration.

JOEY

I didn't know--

CUSTOMS AGENT 1

-- I would catch you?

JOEY

That is a fast boat.

CUSTOMS AGENT 2

(reading the license)

Taj Hamilton? You're Taj Hamilton?

(looks at other agent)

We just chased down Taj Hamilton!

Taj and Joey turn pale with fear.

CUSTOMS AGENT 2 (CONT'D)

Taj "the Salt Water Croc" Hamilton.

Three consecutive world titles,
'66, '67 and '68.

Taj and Joey breathe a sigh of relief.

TAJ

Bang on, mate. Bite's been a bit soft lately. Hopefully, just a slump.

Customs Agent 2 hands the registration back to Taj. Stomps the floorboard with the thrill of meeting a star.

Joey glances at the flexing wood.

CUSTOMS AGENT 2

Oh, man! You were the first one to break a hundred miles an hour.

TAJ

Yeah. How fast does she go?

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
That's classified.

JOEY
You guys are out pretty far?

CUSTOMS AGENT 2
Cubans.
(tense beat)
Those God damn Cuban immigrants
keep pushing out further and
further trying to get around us.
(hands back the license)
Hey, I hate to have to do this to
you but--

TAJ
You want me autograph, eh?

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
No. We're gonna have to look
below. Protocol.

Now Joey and Taj are sweating. Joey watches them REACH DOWN
to grab the HULL DOOR when--

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The TWO CUSTOMS AGENTS are shot down!

Joey looks over to see TAJ holding a gun. Horrified.

JOEY
What did you do?! They were cops?!

TAJ
(panicked)
Yeah, but they're were gonna find
it, right? I mean they... they had
us, right? They bloody had us, what
was I supposed to do?

His shaking hands drop the gun. Joey, gut-punched.

JOEY
What have we done?

TAJ
They had us, mate!

JOEY
We gotta fix this-- we gotta fix
this, Taj...

TAJ
No, we gotta get outta here!

JOEY
The boat...

TAJ
-- yeah, yeah, we'll burn it. Put
them on it, burn everything.
Currents out here--

JOEY
-- no! We're not burnin' anything!
We put them on the boat.
Someone'll find it. We're not
sendin' 'em to the bottom of the
fuckin' ocean--

TAJ
But if they find them--

JOEY
WE'RE NOT DOING IT!

He stares at Taj. Calms him down.

TAJ
Yeah, yeah... you're right...

NEXT MOMENT

They idle away. Both staring back at the Customs boat
floating listlessly in the water...

EXT. MARINA WAREHOUSE - DAY

They barge in to find Charlie pacing the floor.

CHARLIE
Where the fuck you been?

JOEY
Shut up, Charlie.

Charlie sees the blood stains on their shirts. Stops Joey and
looks him over-- worried. Joey pushes by.

CHARLIE
What the fuck happened out there?

TAJ
We lost Bimini.

CHARLIE

What? What are you talkin' about--
we can't lose Bimini, it's not even
our drop-- it's Fel--

JOEY

-- I know who's it is!

He pops the hull. Hands Charlie the dope to transfer.

CHARLIE

He's gonna fuckin' kill us!

JOEY

Shut up.

CHARLIE

We fucked his whole operation.
He's gonna kill us!

JOEY

SHUT THE FUCK UP, CHARLIE!

Joey SLAPS Charlie. Bloodies his lip. Takes a breath. Hands him a rag. Didn't want to do it.

Taj walks by with a kilo of cocaine.

TAJ

I'm just a boat racer. We were
doing good this year...

Joey grabs Taj. Holds his face. Centers him.

JOEY

An' we're gonna keep racin'--

CHARLIE

-- racin'? Who gives a fuck about
racin'--

JOEY

Charlie! Not now. I need you to
load the boat. That's all. Just
load the fuckin' boat, okay?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOCKS - DUSK

The Customs boat is towed up a ramp. BLOODY WATER leaks out.

NEXT MOMENT

Meyer and Reyes watch TWO BODY BAGS go in the Coroner's van.

In the bg, Peterson talks to another Customs officer. He walks up to Meyer and Reyes.

CAPTAIN PETERSON

Their last radio transmission had them chasing a black speed boat off of Bimini.

Meyer won't take his eyes off those body bags.

DET. MEYER

This. Does. Not. Stand.

BEGIN MONTAGE.

-- POWER BOAT. SMUGGLING. DUSK

WE PULL OUT from the #3 and the boat is ripping through the water. Extra gas canisters strapped to the rear.

Joey and Taj buckled in. Sporting shades. No helmets. Joey looks to his left and there's the east coast of the United States.

-- ATLANTIC CITY INVITATIONAL. DOCKS. DAY

Joey kisses Bonnie. He's more nervous than ever. She sees it.

BONNIE

Relax. Today you're just racing.
Just race, Joey.

She zips up his JUMPSUIT. Kisses him. He gets in the boat.

-- POWER BOAT. SMUGGLING.

The sun is setting over the casinos of Atlantic City. They cruise north of the city. Taj glasses for Coast Guard.

-- CUSTOMS BOAT. BIMINI.

Customs chases down a pontoon boat. Two Colombians and packed with cocaine. Taking Joey's smuggling route.

-- POWER BOAT. RACE.

Joey and Taj find smooth water. Pass three boats. Launch off huge swells into the lead...

-- MEYER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Meyer's stares at a WALL MAP that's a SEA of RED TACKS and ribbons illustrating drug busts on land and at sea.

Reyes looks at dozens of mugshots of Cubans and Colombians and photos of slow moving, transport boats on a CORKBOARD.

DET. REYES

Look at the boats these guys are on... there's no way Colombians or Cubans can operate fast boats in those waters. There's like ten foot swells out there.

On the RADIO in the bg:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Three more men found murdered as the fight for control over the smuggling routes into Miami continues between the police, and the Cuban and Colombian drug gangs...

DET. MEYER

How much do one of those big power boats cost?

DET. REYES

More than my house.

DET. MEYER

You live with your mother.

DET. REYES

More than her house.

DET. MEYER

Who's got access to boats like that?

-- POWER BOAT. SMUGGLING.

They're parked at a PRIVATE DOCK surrounded by forest. Frank meets them with Johnny. Behind them ten men are off-loading the coke from the race boat into a waiting van.

JOHNNY

Smooth sailing?

JOEY

A few bumps.

JOHNNY

No one saw you though, right?

TAJ
 Nah, mate, get out far enough and
 you can hide in the swells.

They shake hands. Get back on the boat. Fire the engine...

-- **POWER BOAT. RACE.**

Joey and Taj speed past the checkered flag!

END MONTAGE.

EXT. SUPER YACHT - NIGHT

Joey, Taj and Bonnie motor up to a LUXURIOUS SUPER YACHT.
 FELIPE waves from the top deck. Big smile.

NEXT MOMENT

Bonnie watches Joey and Taj pack stacks of CASH in the yacht.

INT. FELIPE'S YACHT - REAR DECK - NIGHT

Joey, Taj and Bonnie walk through the huge rear deck.

Packed with a darker crowd. Not people from The Club. They
 look harder. A criminal edge. A party of four are doing rails
 of coke on the bar.

ARMED MEN guard the bow and deck.

Bonnie CLUTCHES Joey's arm. He smiles-- *it's okay*. They walk
 into the COCKPIT where Felipe sits in the captain's chair
 admiring his ride.

State of the art electronics. Ultimate luxury. Navigator MAP
 on a center table. FOUR SECURITY THUGS at the door.

Felipe greets them with hugs. Kisses Bonnie's hand.

FELIPE
 The lovely Bonnie Kush.

JOEY
 (gestures to the yacht)
 And you had me fooled you only
 liked horses?

FELIPE
 The best seat for the race is in
 the water, yes?
 (MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)
 So, you want something to eat,
 drink, fly the helicopter?

JOEY
 No. We're good.

FELIPE
 (takes a deep breath)
 Nothing like the fresh salt air...

Nods his head as he exhales--

FELIPE'S THUG suddenly GRABS BONNIE. SLAMS her against the wall. Loops a HORSE STRAP around her neck and squeezes.

Other TWO THUGS pull guns on Joey and Taj but it doesn't stop Joey. He rushes for Bonnie. Punches one guy--

FOURTH THUG puts a GUN to Bonnie's head. Cocks the hammer.

JOEY
 All right! All right!

All the while, Felipe sits calmly in his captain's chair. Finally stands. Smile replaced with a murderous gaze.

FELIPE
 You didn't think it would be
 important to tell me you fucked up
 Bimini? That you just fucked up
our pipeline?!

Felipe grabs the HORSE STRAP from the THUG. Pulls it tighter. She struggles for air--

FELIPE (CONT'D)
 Is she worth ten million to you?!
 Where's our pipeline now, Joey?!
 (tightens)
 WHERE?!

Joey's stares from Bonnie to Taj. Horrified. Then he spots the NAVIGATOR MAP. Looks back to Taj, remembers--

JOEY
 The swells... it's still there!
 (looks at the map)
 We don't need Bimini! They found
 us because they were looking for
 immigrants, so we go where no
 immigrants would ever go...

Can tell he has Felipe on the line.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Let her go.

Felipe releases his grip. Bonnie gasps. THUG still holds her.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Bimini is an island in the middle of the ocean... all we need is an island on the ocean and we can do somethin' the cops would never even think was possible... our pipeline is right in front of us...

Felipe nods to the man to let Joey go. Joey goes to the MAP.

FELIPE

Where?

Joey puts his finger on the coast of Florida--

JOEY

The cops own the mangroves...

Slides his finger south to an island--

JOEY (CONT'D)

Customs shut down Bimini but they'll never lock down...

Slides his finger ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE OCEAN to--

JOEY (CONT'D)

Colombia. One straight run. That's our pipeline.

Felipe weighs the plan. Studies the map.

FELIPE

But they still catch you by Bimini.

JOEY

We avoid the Bahamas altogether.

WE FOLLOW Joey's finger from Colombia straight up the Caribbean Sea--

JOEY (CONT'D)

They expect runners to be comin' North, then West into Miami. We'll be headin' North too, but through the Gulf, and then comin' East into Pelican Bay.

-- then into the Gulf of Mexico, TRACING HIS ROUTE to the western coast of Florida, Pelican Bay, opposite side of Miami. It's a long, dangerous route.

Felipe thinks about it. Nods.

FELIPE
You'll need more people.

TAJ
And two more boats.

FELIPE
More people is more problems.

JOEY
Not when they're family.

FELIPE
Who will build these boats?

JOEY
(looks at Bonnie)
He's family too.

FELIPE
No. Mr. Kush is not. But if you vouch for him, if you trust him, then we have a deal.

EXT. POWER BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT (NEXT MOMENT)

They slowly motor away from the yacht, into the DARKNESS.

JOEY
I'll get us out of this.

Bonnie stares into the dark void around them.

BONNIE
We're never gettin' out, Joey.

Leans into his chest. Resigned to a doomed fate.

EXT. EDDIE'S HANGAR - DAY

HUGE ROLL-UP DOOR winches open. Eddie walks in with Joey.

EDDIE
No one tells me who to build boats for, kid.

JOEY

That's the problem, you don't know who you're buildin' them for. It ain't just me and Customs. It's the guy I'm workin' for, Eddie. You need to pick a side.

EDDIE

(wheels on him)

If my clients ask for faster boats, I've got to deliver. That's how I keep my doors open. You came to me! I didn't come to you. Now what do you need?

Joey shakes his head. Talking to a brick wall.

JOEY

Two boats. Bigger and faster than the ones you built for them--
Innovate.

(sets down briefcase)

And just in case not everyone feels the same way you do, maybe you oughta start lockin' your doors instead'a leavin' them open.

He walks out. Eddie sits down. Considers his choices.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FELIPE'S YACHT - BINOC'S POV - DAY

Hear a CAMERA taking pictures somewhere close. Binocs glass the neighboring boats. They fall on Joey and Taj getting in their YELLOW BOAT...

Then find a RED RACE BOAT with Cuban Mike on the hull talking with the drivers. Big smiles. Handshakes.

Binocs lower revealing FELIPE. He hands them to a man behind him with a camera. He was the man taking the photos.

Suddenly, THUNDER cracks overhead as bad weather moves in.

CUT TO:

REYES AND MEYER

On the back of a Sheriff's boat snapping pictures of all the racers and the yachts.

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Taj feathers the throttle as they idle to the starting line.
Rain pelts the windshield.

GREEN LIGHT.

Engines ROAR. Water erupts from the rear blower...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

PULL BACK to see TWO ROOSTER TAILS...

PULL BACK FURTHER to find JOEY in a JET BLACK POWER BOAT and speeding along right next to him is Taj in another JET BLACK POWER BOAT.

Joey looks back to the mainland of COLOMBIA fading away...

SMUGGLING/RACING MONTAGE.**-- RACE.**

Yellow power boat, with Joey and Taj, leading three other boats in a tight race. Helmets jostling against the seats.

Rain peppers their goggles. The ocean looks ugly. Mean.

They're gaining on ANOTHER BOAT. Skipping off growing swells. Joey and Taj smash hard. Alarm beeps. Red DASH LIGHTS BLINK.

JOEY

That's the steering!

TAJ

Work it out.

Joey struggles with the wheel. Alarm still beeping.

TAJ (CONT'D)

Cross swell!

The TWO BOATS LAUNCH off the cross swell--

Joey keeps it straight -- hull SMASHES the grey churning water -- windshield SHATTERS--

The other boat SLAMS a bit sideways -- suddenly CUTS ACROSS THEIR NOSE -- near miss -- hits ANOTHER CROSS SWELL -- flips through the air -- THROTTLE MAN FLIES OUT of the cockpit -- cartwheels like a ragdoll--

TAJ (CONT'D)
LEFT-LEFT-LEFT!

Joey fights the wheel -- they just miss running over the man--

Taj looks back to see the other boat flip end over end--
PARTS spit into the air like shrapnel!

-- REFUELING VESSEL.

Open ocean. Their floating island. Hundreds of miles from
nowhere. Hoses run from both sides of this fifty foot beater
trawler to the BLACK POWER BOATS.

Joey and Taj study a MAP. Check their instruments.

TAJ (CONT'D)
Once it gets dark, we can't read
the water. Not even with these.

Taj lifts up his pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

JOEY
Just stay in my wake. Full
throttle. We'll make it.

They stare out to the watery tomb that awaits them.

-- RACE.

Joey and Taj finishing a wide turn. Coming back towards an
ORANGE TURN BUOY bobbing ferociously in the stormy swells.

TAJ
Straighten it out.

Joey fights with the wheel. Still heading right for the BUOY.

TAJ (CONT'D)
Joey!

JOEY
I'm trying!

Barreling for the BUOY--

Taj reaches over. Helps turn the wheel just as they CLIP THE
BUOY but hold the turn!

-- SMUGGLING BOATS.

Blow past a TIDE BUOY. Pitch black. Joey pulls off his NVGs.
Looks over to the GLOWING LIGHTS of Pelican bay. They made
it. Joey grins.

END MONTAGE.

INT. RESORT CLUB - NIGHT

DISCO MUSIC. Joey, Taj and Bonnie hold up their drinks.

BONNIE
To no more deals.

They drink.

TAJ
One race. Two hundred K and we're
out. We're bloody out!

JOEY
If we win.

TAJ
Look what we just pulled off, mate!
A checkered flag with no bloody
steering. Of course we'll win!

They laugh. Joey leans into Bonnie.

JOEY
I told you I'd get us out.

She kisses him. A song Bonnie likes comes on.

BONNIE
I want to dance!

JOEY
Save me here, Taj.

TAJ
I'll fucking dance with ya, Bon.

As they head to the dance floor, a WAITER shows up with a CUBA LIBRE. Motions across the club to CUBAN MIKE at a table with THREE OTHER MEN.

AT CUBAN MIKE'S TABLE - NEXT MOMENT

Joey stares down Cuban Mike. Cuban Mike holds up his glass.

CUBAN MIKE
Una tempestad en un vaso de agua.
You know what that means?
(off Joey's silence)
It means we drink, my friend.

JOEY

I ain't your fuckin' friend.

CUBAN MIKE

You and I, we've had our share of
unfortunate situations, but a storm
in a tea cup always seems worse
than it is. Drink.

JOEY

You think I'd forget about Anthony?

CUBAN MIKE

This is the life we live. So we
drink to Anthony.

Cuban Mike raises his glass to his mouth when--

JOEY SLAPS the drink out of his hand then THROWS HIS DRINK IN
CUBAN MIKE'S FACE.

JOEY

That's for Anthony! Pablo was your
man!

CUBAN MIKE

He did not work for me--

JOEY

-- bullshit--

CUBAN MIKE

-- he was not my guy!

JOEY

Just stay away from me.

CUBAN MIKE

I kill my guy--

JOEY

Fuck you!

Joey storms off.

CUBAN MIKE

No! You "Fuck you!"

Cuban Mike steams. Insulted. Liquor drips off his face. It's
a scene. Everyone watching.

LATER

Joey now dances with Bonnie.

Taj dances with THREE GIRLS. Everyone having a blast.

EXT. RESORT CLUB - VALET STATION - NIGHT

Joey, Bonnie, Taj and some girls dance out of the club. Hand the valet their tickets.

TAJ
Mate, that is NOT the Funky
Chicken.

JOEY
How the fuck would you know, you're
from Australia.

TAJ
'Cuz THIS is the Funky Chicken--

He dances around like an asshole.

NEXT MOMENT

Joey and Bonnie pile into their car. Taj and his girls right behind them in their own car.

INT. MERCEDES (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Joey races down a coastal highway. Music blaring. Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS FLASH behind them.

JOEY
What the fuck?

BONNIE
Is it Taj?

JOEY
(smiles)
That asshole.

He slows down.

A WHITE BUICK comes alongside him -- SWERVES into him -- crunch of metal -- Buick window comes down -- gun sneaks out -- Bonnie screams!

Joey drops into fourth gear -- punches it--

BONNIE
JOEY!

Joey looks up to a RED LIGHT-- BLOWS THROUGH it!

Buick follows. Man hangs out window. Shoots-- **BANG-BANG-BANG!**

Bullets pepper the trunk. Shatter rear window. Joey rips a 180. Heads back AGAINST traffic--

Bonnie looks up INTO MORE HEADLIGHTS just as--

Joey cranks wheel -- hops center curb -- bounces into his lane -- disappears back the way he came.

Buick long given up.

JOEY
You okay?! BONNIE!

BONNIE
(crying)
Yes. YES.

JOEY
That motherfucker.

BONNIE
Who?

JOEY
Cuban Mike!

BONNIE
Where are you going?

JOEY
Back to the club.

BONNIE
I want to go home. Take me home!

INT. JOEY'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey GRABS his gun from the night stand. Bonnie sees it.

BONNIE
You think getting yourself killed
now is the answer? We're so close
to getting out of this!

JOEY
He almost killed us!

BONNIE
So did Felipe! But we're still
here. You're not like them!
You're not a murderer!

JOEY
 (cold)
 I am like them.

BONNIE
 (scared)
 What does that mean?

JOEY
 I told you I wasn't no angel.

Starts for the door.

BONNIE
 I won't love you anymore, Joey. I
 won't be able to.

He walks out. Her head falls in her hands.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Joey stares across the street to the Little Havana Cafe.
 Looks down to the GUN in his hand. Weighs his choices...

INT. LITTLE HAVANA CAFE - NIGHT

Joey busts inside. No one but an OLD MAN sweeping the floor.
 Marches to the fish tank. Tosses something in. Walks away.

A BRICK OF COKE with a HORSE STAMP SINKS TO THE BOTTOM.

INT. JOEY'S BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey walks in the room.

JOEY
 Bonnie? BONNIE?

LIVING ROOM

Joey walks through the house but she's not there.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 BONNIE!

BEDROOM

He runs into the room. Puts the GUN back in the drawer.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 Bon!

Checks the closet. Clothes missing. She's gone.

He PUNCHES a hole in the wall. Chunk of DRYWALL falls REVEALING cash hidden in the wall-- cause of all his problems.

He sits down. A broken man in an empty house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

Meyer and Reyes walk up to a small house. Nothing special.

An OLD WOMAN is on a GURNEY being loaded into an ambulance for precautionary measures. A young man holds her hand.

INT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

They walk in to see TWO COLOMBIANS cuffed on the couch. GUNS, KNIVES AND AMMO on the kitchen table being photographed.

PLAIN CLOTHES COP

They kept the old lady locked in her room. Son couldn't get a hold of her. Called us. It's in here...

He leads them into the...

BEDROOM

... where there's a MASSIVE STACK OF BRICKS OF COCAINE. Meyer picks up a KILO. Sees the HORSE STAMP.

PLAIN CLOTHES COP (CONT'D)

One of the neighbors says he saw a couple of black speed boats in the bay a few days ago. Thought they'd broke down or something.

DET. MEYER

Did they see who was driving them? Colombians?

PLAIN CLOTHES COP

(flips through notebook)

No. Couple of white guys.

EXT. BEACH FRONT HOUSE - DAY

Meyer and Reyes walk out to their car. Skip in their step.

DET. REYES
 (impressed)
 From Colombia to Pelican Bay. A
 thousand miles in open water.

DET. MEYER
 These guys are racers. No one else
 could do that.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

BANNER: *1976 Power Boat World Championships*

Thousands of people. Grand stands on the beach are full.

CUT TO:

MEYER AND REYES

Reyes takes more pictures.

DET. MEYER
Every. Boat.

Reyes focuses on a YELLOW BOAT. Taj and Joey's boat...

EXT. YELLOW BOAT - DAY (SAME)

Taj is doing last minute wrenching on the engine. Joey pulls
 on his helmet.

TAJ
 Don't worry about it, she'll be
 back. Right now I need you to
 focus on winning so we can end this
 thing.

Joey looks around one last time...

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Find Bonnie, looking depressed, sitting next to Eddie.

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY

Fifteen boats. Thirty racers. Loud as all hell. Helicopters
 hummingbird in and out of FRAME.

Joey's YELLOW BOAT is second from center as the GREEN FLAG
 WAVES and--

A DEAFENING ROAR of horsepower.

Fifteen boats charge for open water. Crowd on their feet.

Joey and Taj edge into the lead.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Corrello came out of nowhere two years ago and now he's chasing the title with the legendary Taj "the Salt Water Croc" Hamiltion. He's got a chance to win this and what a cap it would be for an incredible year.

The boats spread out. Joey and Taj still in first. Three boats chasing. A RED boat, a BLUE boat and a BLACK boat.

INT. YELLOW POWER BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

Taj spots the first TURNING BUOY ahead of them.

TAJ (RADIO)
 Turn. Two hundred yards.

He slowly veers right. Sliding wide. RED boat gains ground. Starts to leave the other two boats behind.

NEXT MOMENT

They rip around the buoy. Pulling away from RED BOAT.

TAJ (CONT'D)
 Keep it tight! Don't let them in!

NEXT MOMENT

They launch off larger and larger swells. Getting dangerous. Can hear Taj working that throttle-- shutting it down when they're in the air-- gunning when they're back in the water.

THE YELLOW POWERBOAT SKIPS ACROSS THE WATER.

Taj looks back to a BRIGHT RED boat off their left shoulder.

TAJ (CONT'D)
 He's coming!

JOEY
 Open it up! Open it up!

The BOAT rockets off a WAKE -- jostles Joey -- wheel slightly turns -- they hit the water -- NOSE DIVES RIGHT -- boat almost rolls over -- RED BOAT BLOWS BY.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!

EXT. THE STANDS - SAME

Bonnie and Eddie sit with the crowd. Staring at the blue when over the loud speaker:

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Holy smokes, Corrello almost crashed! He nearly lost his boat but he definitely just lost the lead.

Bonnie covers her mouth with her hand. Eddie comforts her.

INT. YELLOW POWER BOAT (MOVING) - DAY

Barrels across the water. Gliding and bouncing off rolling swells. Cutting a white wake into the blue--

JOEY
I see glass!

A lane of clean, smooth water outside of the leader's wake.

Taj SHOVES the throttle forward -- Joey edges into the smooth water -- RED BOAT is two hundred yards ahead--

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Corrello has found some smooth water and is making a run on Hernandez!

Joey fights the horse power into a straight line. Edges alongside the RED BOAT then moves passed it by half a length.

TAJ
Turn. Thousand yards.

He starts to back the throttle.

JOEY
No! No! Keep it pinned!

CUT TO:

A TEN FOOT TALL ORANGE TURN BUOY BOBS IN THE WATER

RACE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
*Coming up on the final buoy. If
 Carrello can get a clean turn they
 might be able to pull this off!*

In the bg, two rockets speeding straight for it.

YELLOW BOAT takes the inside line. RED BOAT drifts outside.
 The BUOY getting closer and closer...

Fifty yards ahead...

Both boats starting their turns...

YELLOW BOAT

Joey muscles the boat through the turn -- boat fights back--

TAJ
 You're gonna lose it.

JOEY
 Open it up!

Taj backs the throttle a touch -- looks right to see the RED
 BOAT shooting straight at them--

TAJ
 JOEY!

Joey glances right just as Taj straight arms Joey away from
 the oncoming boat--

RED BOAT SPEARS INTO THEM -- MASSIVE explosion of water and
 debris.

Joey's head is pinned against the side of his boat by the big
 red hull. His goggles knocked away from his face. Eyes dazed.

Sound of water pouring in.

Looks towards that sound and sees BLOOD in the water. Can't
 see Taj except for his lower body pinned under the red hull.

JOEY
 Taj. Taj! TAJ!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - RESORT CLUB - DUSK

The CLUB is in the background. A stage of flowers and
 trophies. Mourners mingle. Mostly women.

Joey sits on the beach. Eddie approaches.

EDDIE

You couldn't have made that turn any tighter, kid, you couldn't have found a better line.

JOEY

I could've--

EDDIE

That's just racing. Count yourself lucky you're still sitting here.

JOEY

I don't want luck, I just want everything back.

Beat.

EDDIE

You know I can't swim? Crazy, huh? I don't want nothing to do with the water but boats, fast boats...

(nods)

... those I can't stay away from. No speed limit on the water, no stop lights, just as fast as you can go from here to the horizon. I turned my first wrench when I was eight years old.

(lights up a cigarette)

I figure we all got something we need to do, I gotta build boats, Taj had to race them--

JOEY

What about me?

EDDIE

Well that's the trick, isn't it? You gotta figure that out for yourself.

JOEY

I thought I did. That's what brought me here. I wanted my own thing, my own success and... I had it, Eddie. I had it but I pushed and I pushed and I fucked it all up...

EDDIE

Not all of it.

Joey looks at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
She and I don't have many secrets.

JOEY
If that's true, then I'm leavin'
and I'm takin' her with me. You'd
be smart to follow.

Eddie looks around. Smells the salt air.

EDDIE
I can't leave the water. Can't
leave Miami. This is my home.
This is where I belong.

BONNIE (O.S.)
And where's your home, Joey?

Joey turns, shocked but relieved. Stands up and kisses her.

JOEY
Right here. With you.

EXT. HUGE RANCH HOUSE - DAY

JOEY'S COLD FACE as he walks in with TWO BAGS.

But this time there's a man behind him carrying TWO MORE and
a man behind him carrying TWO MORE.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Covered with hand-drawn pictures by Felipe's children.
Felipe sits at a large hand-carved oak table. Watches as Joey
and the men set the bags down.

There's a LARGE ENVELOPE on the table in front of him.

FELIPE
Every time I see you you're
carrying bags.

JOEY
This is the last time. Nine point
eight mil. Six months. I'm out.

Felipe looks at the bags of cash. Picks up the ENVELOPE.

FELIPE
Let me show you something.

EXT. MARIJUANA PROCESSING BARN - DAY

Hear the POPS and CRACKS of marijuana buds being broken off the bushels.

Felipe and Joey walk across the yard.

The process is a well-oiled machine. Big bushels from the fields, stripped off the cane over there, buds broken and packed into movable sizes over here.

FELIPE

You know, Joey, I realized your potential even when you did not. I knew you would bring me the money.

(they keep walking)

But while you were finding ways to make me a richer man, you know what you failed to remember?

(off Joey's silence)

That you work for me until I tell you, you do not. Not when you tell me.

JOEY

No-- No-- you told me ten million-- ten million and the pipeline, that was the deal.

FELIPE

Yes, you and I do have a deal. My deal! You smuggle my drugs. And that is your next shipment!

He points to the piles of marijuana. Joey sinks. Stares at the MASS OF DOPE-- a dream gone sour.

JOEY

No. I'm out. If you're gonna shoot me. Do it.

Felipe whips out a GUN -- point blank in Joey's face and Joey doesn't even blink.

Tense beat.

FELIPE

You want out?

(lowers the gun)

I'll let you out, but it's not as easy as taking a bullet.

(holds up the envelope)

You move what I tell you to move and you do one more job for me.

(MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

We share a common cancer you and I.
I give you this out of respect...

Opens the envelope and hands him a PHOTOGRAPH.

Joey's eyes go wide at the contents of the photo.

FELIPE (CONT'D)

But this one I give you out of
loyalty.

(hands him another photo)

Do this and you can have your life
back.

Joey stares at the unknown photos.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI PD - MEYER'S DESK - DAY

Meyer studies photos of racers. Dozens of them. Frustrated.
Goes to the water cooler. Fills his glass and sees the SPORTS
SECTION of a newspaper: **Tragedy for Taj Hamilton and his
driver Joey Corrello...**

Opens the page to photos of the funeral: Taj and Joey, Taj at
the Resort Club with Anthony and Joey and other racers...

And Meyer fossilizes... ANTHONY.

NEXT MOMENT

He's FLIPPING through old CASE PHOTOS... finds the one he's
looking for. Grabs his phone.

NEXT MOMENT

FUNERAL PHOTO OF TAJ drops in front of Reyes.

He looks at the photo then up to Meyer's grinning face...

DET. REYES

Taj Hamilton? No way...

Meyer drops the next photo: Anthony, dead at the warehouse.

DET. MEYER

Anthony Corrello...

Then he drops the first photo Reyes ever took: Taj, Anthony
and Joey out front of the Resort Club. Points to Joey...

DET. MEYER (CONT'D)
 And Joey Corrello. Taj's driver.
 But before he showed up down here,
 and about a month before our
 mangroves turned into a drug
 smuggling Ellis Island, he was
 getting out of Essex State Pen up
 in New Jersey. Guess who his
 girlfriend is-- Eddie Kush's niece.

DET. REYES
 The boat builder?

DET. MEYER
 Guess what he did time for...

DET. REYES
 (picks up photo)
 Shit. But we've got no proof. And
 with both his partners dead, means--

DET. MEYER
 -- maybe he's gonna quit. Or move.
 But right now he's vulnerable.

DET. REYES
 Maybe we ought to give him a little
 nudge? People make mistakes when
 they panic.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Joey stands on the sand. PHOTOS from Felipe in his hand.
 Weight of the world on his shoulders but we don't know why.

Looks at his house. Next to it another house in the midst of
 construction. Money and excess. A small three foot tall wall
 in the front yard.

He stares at that little, familiar wall.

DET. MEYER (O.S.)
 How much you think that house is
 worth--?

Joey turns to see MEYER, staring casually at the house.

JOEY
 Excuse me?

DET. MEYER
 Dead cop? Two?

JOEY
 (visibly pales)
 What did you say?

Meyer remains totally calm. Never looks at him.

DET. MEYER
 Nah...
 (shrugs)
 What do I know?

Now he looks at Joey. And for a split second-- a HARD LOOK.

DET. MEYER (CONT'D)
 See ya in the water, champ.

He strolls away into the darkness.

Joey's chest heaves, tears in his eyes at the thought of the dead cops, thought of losing everything when he's so close...

INT. JOEY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey rushes in, right past Bonnie, tv's blaring a show.

JOEY
 Go to the ranch house!

He heads upstairs into the bedroom.

BONNIE
 What? Joey!

Joey comes rumbling down the stairs. Gun in his hand.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 (sees GUN)
 What's going on?!

JOEY
 Wait for me to leave then go to the
 ranch! Promise me!

BONNIE
 I promise.

He gives her final kiss. Rushes out the door. Bonnie rushes to the window. Sees Joey pull out of the GARAGE--

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Joey looks at her. Checks his REARVIEW. Makes Meyer's SEDAN.

INT. MEYER'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Meyer is behind the wheel when they see JOEY FLOOR IT!

DET. REYES
He's running!

INT. JOEY'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Bonnie sees the SEDAN race by chasing Joey. Her heart breaks.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Joey rips through the streets. Meyer tries to keep up but he's falling behind. Joey runs a RED LIGHT. Meyer tries to follow-- **WHAM!**

They get T-BONED. Skid to a stop. Meyer flags down a car.

DET. MEYER
We gotta get back to his house!

EXT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Joey gets out of his car. Gun in hand. HIS FEET crunch gravel as he walks out of FRAME...

INT. JOEY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cops race into the driveway in a hijacked station wagon.

EXT. A CAR - SAME

TWO SETS OF SHOES get out of a car. Both crunch gravel as they move out of FRAME as--

JOEY

Sneaks along sidewalk. Car lights flash behind him. He tucks into a doorway. Watches the car drive by. Keeps going as--

TWO HITMEN

Move slowly down a sidewalk. Look Latin American. Hands in their jackets. Concealing sub-machine guns as--

MEYER AND REYES

Rush into the house. It's empty. They rush upstairs as--

TWO HITMEN

Move into a building through the back door. Mouse down the hallway as--

MEYER AND REYES

Run into the MASTER BEDROOM. Guns up as--

JOEY

Approaches a door. Steels himself then KICKS IT OPEN. Storms inside. Raises the gun. Fires!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

REVERSE ANGLE

CUBAN MIKE back-peddles into his fish tank -- blood erupts from his chest--

The glass cracks -- water floods to the floor -- knocks Cuban Mike to his ass as his precious fish hit the ground, flopping, suffocating, mouths gasping.

Cuban Mike gasps right next to them. His shark skitters across the bloody water.

Joey stares at him. Slowly turns as--

TWO HITMEN

Raise their guns. FIRE! Flames shoot out of the barrels as--

EDDIE KUSH is pumped full of lead.

Blood peppers the framed photographs on the wall of Eddie and all the boats he has built. He collapses on top of his desk.

MEYER AND REYES

Walk through the empty house. Bonnie is GONE.

INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT

Joey tosses his gun on the PHOTOGRAPHS: one of Cuban Mike standing in the RED BOAT, shaking hands with the driver. The same boat that killed Taj.

THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH is of Kush shaking hands with two Federal Agents.

INT. JOEY'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey runs in to find Bonnie staring at the TV.

ON SCREEN: Cop cars. Ambulance. Yellow tape. All in front of Eddie's hangar.

She turns to him. Pure Rage. SLAPS and PUNCHES him.

BONNIE
You killed him!

JOEY
What're you talkin' about?

BONNIE
Eddie's dead!

JOEY
I didn't kill him!

BONNIE
Don't lie to me, Joey, don't lie to me! I know it was you!

JOEY
I didn't kill Eddie! I killed Cuban Mike!

Bonnie stops. Goes limp. Joey watches the TV.

JOEY (CONT'D)
It was Felipe. You're leaving. Now!

BONNIE
What?

He points to the TV.

JOEY
The cops are gonna find us.

BONNIE
There's nowhere to go? They know your name! We can't go to Jersey.

Joey thinks.

JOEY
There's a lake in the Catskills where I grew up. Four Mile Point. Find a cabin by the water. I'll meet you there.

BONNIE
I'm not leaving without you.

JOEY
We gotta go separate. It's safer
for you. I'll pick up a ticket,
fly out tonight.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Joey tosses a Thomas Guide and some ratty maps in an old truck. He picks up TWO HEAVY SUITCASES and throws them in.

JOEY
There's enough in there to keep us
going for a long time.

BONNIE
How will I know you're safe?

He pauses, then removes his PAGER and hands it to her.

JOEY
I'll call this in the morning.

BONNIE
When?

JOEY
Seven. Seven a.m. Now go.

A final kiss and she's gone.

Joey watches her grind up the gears as the truck disappears down the long dirt road into the night. He Pulls a PLANE TICKET out of his pocket: **Miami to JFK, NY.**

INT. JOEY'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Meyer and Reyes search the front room. Meyer is pissed.

DET. MEYER
Where the fuck is he?!

DISSOLVE TO:

BINOC'S POV - SAME NIGHT - SIX HOURS LATER

Glassing the horizon. Searching for something. BINOC'S LOWER revealing JOEY.

SUPER: **Montauk, New York**

JOEY (V.O.)
Where the fuck are they?!

EXT. SAND DUNES - NIGHT

Joey, stressed, checks his watch: **3:35 am**. Looks at Charlie and Frank, sitting next to him.

JOEY
 They're late.

FRANK
 You see anyone who's gonna care?

CHARLIE
 I care. I'm fuckin' freezin'.

Joey glances down the beach: no houses, just shrub brush and sand. Then Charlie points to the water.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 What's that? S'that our fuckin'
 boat or what?

BINOC'S POV

Finds the MAST LIGHT OF A TRAWLER smoking towards the bitter grey coast line.

EXT. ZODIAC - NIGHT

Joey, Charlie and Frank race to the trawler on three zodiacs.

EXT. TRAWLER - DECK - NIGHT

Joey climbs aboard. Meets the Captain.

JOEY
 You're two hours late! Rápido!

NEXT MOMENT

One man in a deckside CRANE lowers a CARGO NET into the hull. Joey looks down into the HULL where FOUR MEN stand on top of about THREE HUNDRED BALES OF WEED. A massive haul.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 Five! FIVE BALES! CINCO!

NEXT MOMENT

The CRANE and CABLE squeal under the weight as the load rises out of the dark hull and over the side to the zodiacs.

IN THE ZODIAC - NEXT MOMENT

Charlie zips to shore. Bales piled high in his little boat.

EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT

A PICK-UP TRUCK AND TRAILER is backed into the water. Charlie races the zodiac right onto the trailer. Truck drives him around the dunes to--

EXT. LOADING AREA - NIGHT

A MASSIVE OPERATION. Johnny oversees it. Six eighteen wheeler, truck and trailers, thirty guys.

JOHNNY

Let's go! Open the gate!

Back of a truck trailer opens.

Zodiac is swung in right behind it. Bales are transferred into the trailer. Fast and clean. Just then ANOTHER PICK-UP TRUCK flies by towing Frank's zodiac loaded with dope.

FRANK

Joey's right behind me!

EXT. LOADING AREA - DAWN - HOUR LATER

Joey's ZODIAC is unloaded and the fourth truck is full.

JOEY

Send 'em.

CHARLIE

I thought they was all goin' at the same time?

JOEY

You see that big fuckin' spotlight comin' over the ocean?

He points to the hint of the sun rising over the water.

JOHNNY

You heard him! Get on the road!

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - DAWN

A little old lady, 70s, heats a tea pot at her stove. Baby blue robe and slippers when she hears the truck. Looks out the window as the eighteen wheelers roll by...

EXT. TRAWLER - HULL - MORNING

Joey, heaving those bales.

Hull is ninety percent empty. Checks his watch: **5:18 am**. Small smile. Gonna make it. Climbs out of the hull when--

The CRANE gears grind toothless -- the wheels spin -- METAL LINE zips back through the gears -- three bales of dope plummet into the ocean next to Charlie's zodiac--

JOEY

Load it by hand!

NEXT MOMENT

Joey plunges into the water. Guides the floating bales over to the dinghy. Secures them. Swims back to the trawler.

EXT. SAND DUNES - MORNING

The OLD LADY, in slippers, finally makes the top of a small hill and her mouth drops open as she stares at the whole operation: the trucks, the men, the trailers, the boat...

EXT. LOADING AREA - MORNING

Charlie's zodiac is towed in. He hops out. Filthy and tired. Leans on Johnny. Men chuck bales into the trailer.

JOHNNY

I hope you don't got more than a couple more boats or we're gonna have to sink it.

CHARLIE

Joey ain't gonna sink shit.

EXT. TRAWLER - MORNING

A bale drops into Frank's zodiac. Joey yells over the side.

JOEY

I got the rest.

NEXT MOMENT

The last bale is hauled out of the hull. Joey drops it overboard into his zodiac. Climbs in. Waves to the captain.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Get the fuck outt'a here!

JOEY'S ZODIAC - NEXT MOMENT

Joey races towards the shore. Watches as the previous zodiac is towed over the dunes and then there's nothing...

A beat as he takes in the solitude...

Back home. His roots. He smiles wide.

NEXT MOMENT

He idles just off shore. No pick-up truck to bring him in.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Goddamn it, Charlie.

Looks back to see the trawler chugging out to sea.

Runs the zodiac onto the beach. Walks up towards the top of the dunes. Gets to the top and STOPS...

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - MORNING

Bonnie, chain smoking. Checks her watch: **6:50...**

She pulls into a GAS STATION with a PAY PHONE BOOTH.

IN THE PHONE BOOTH - NEXT MOMENT

She lights another cigarette. Checks her watch: **6:58...**

BONNIE

Please... please..

She stares at the silent PAGER. Checks watch: **7:00 am.** Tears well then-- BZZZZ!

Huge smile. Quickly dials the number. It rings. Picks up...

BONNIE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Joey?!

JOEY (OVER PHONE)

Hey, baby...

BONNIE (INTO PHONE)
Are you okay?

JOEY (OVER PHONE)
*Of course... yeah, of course I am.
Where are you? You know what,
better you don't tell me--*

BONNIE
-- I don't know... somewhere in
Georgia.

JOEY (OVER PHONE)
(relieved)
You got out. Good, that's good.

BONNIE
Yeah, we di-- wait, what did you
say? Joey...?

CUT TO:

JOEY

Tear-filled eyes. Holding a phone to his ear...

PULL BACK and we see the HAND CUFF on his wrist...

PULL BACK FURTHER and he's in a POLICE STATION...

(INTERCUT BETWEEN BONNIE AND JOEY)

JOEY
You... got out.

BONNIE
(panicked)
Joey, where are you? Are you
there... at the lake? Tell me
you're there already...

JOEY
No. I'm not gonna make it for a
while...

Tears flood her eyes. She knows what that means.

JOEY (CONT'D)
... but I got you out, right?

BONNIE
(weeping)
No! No... no...

JOEY
(verge of tears)
Tell me I did that...

Bonnie cries. Finally, calms.

BONNIE
You got me out.

JOEY
I guess there's nothin' I can't
smuggle, huh? I love you.

He hangs up.

BONNIE
Joey?! JOEY!

She sinks, weeping to the bottom of the phone booth.

JOEY - NEXT MOMENT

Steps into a cell.

JOEY
How long were you guys on to us?

Cop points to the OLD LADY giving her report to another officer. Shuts the cell door.

COP
About twenty minutes.

Joey has to smile, undone by a little old lady. There's a small window in his cell. He stands on his cot. Looks out to an empty grey horizon...

Wide open and limitless...

Post Script:

Police arrested 33 men and seized 20 tons of Colombian marijuana, making it the largest drug bust in U.S. history at that time.

To this day, from fast boats to narco subs, the open ocean smuggling route from South America to Florida remains the most widely used avenue for smuggling drugs into the continental United States.

FADE TO BLACK.